

T H E  
**Sicilian Usurper:**  
A  
T R A G E D Y,

As it was Acted at the Theatre-Royal.

With a Prefatory Epistle in Vindication of  
the Author, occasioned by the Prohibition  
of this Play on the Stage.

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*Written by N. Tate.*

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*Inultus ut flebo Puer ? Hor.*

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L O N D O N :

Printed for *James Knapton*, at the *Crown* in  
*St. Paul's Church-yard.* 1 6 9 1.

# Section 1

to the Secretary of the Treasury  
of the United States

Washington, D. C.

January 1, 1900

Dear Sir:

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 29th inst.

Books newly Printed for *James Knapton*, at the *Crown*  
in *St. Paul's Church-yard*.

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T O

My Esteemed F R I E N D

George Raynsford, Esq;

S I R,

**I** *Woud not have you surpriz'd with this Address, though I gave you no warning of it. The Buissness of this Epistle is more Vindication than Complement ; and when we are to tell our Grievances 'tis most natural to betake our selves to a Friend. 'Twas thought perhaps that this unfortunate Offspring having been stifled on the Stage, shou'd have been buried in Oblivion ; and so it might have happened had it drawn its Being from me Alone, but it still retains the immortal Spirit of its first-Father, and will survive in Print, though forbid to tread the Stage. They that have not seen it Alted, by its being silent, must suspect me to have Compild a Disloyal or Reflecting Play. But how far distant this was from my Design and Conduct in the Story will appear to him that reads with half an Eye. To form any Resemblance between the Times here written of, and the Present, had been unpardonable Presumption in Me. If the Prohibitors conceive any such Notion I am not accountable for That. I fell upon the new-modelling of this Tragedy, (as I had just before done on the History of King Lear) charm'd with the many Beauties I discover'd in it, which I knew wou'd become the Stage; with as little design of Satyr on present Transactions, as Shakespeare himself that wrote this Story before this Age began. I am not ignorant of the posture of Affairs in King Richard the Second's Reign, how dissolute then the Age, and how corrupt the Court; a Season that beheld Ignorance and Infamy preferr'd to Office and Pow'r, exercis'd in Oppressing, Learning and Merit; but why a History of those Times shou'd be suppress'd as a Libel upon Ours, is past my*

A Under-

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

*Understanding. 'Tis sure the worst Complement that ever was made to a Prince.*

O Rem ridiculam, Cato, & jocam,  
Dignámque Auribus, & tuo Cachinno.  
Ride, quicquid amas, Cato, Catullum  
Res est Ridicula, &c.

*Our Shakespear in this Tragedy, bated none of his Characters an Ace of the Chronicle; he took care to shew 'em no worse Men than They were, but represents them never a jot better. His Duke of York after all his buisy pretended Loyalty, is found false to his Kinsman and Sovereign, and joynd with the Conspirators. His King Richard Himself is painted in the worst Colours of History. Dissolute, Unadviseable, devoted to Ease and Luxury. You find old Gaunt speaking of him in this Language*

———— Then there are found  
Lascivious Meeters, to whose Venom sound  
The open Ear of Youth do's always Listen.  
Where doth the World thrust forth a Vanity,  
(So it be New, there's no respect how Vile)  
That is not quickly buzz'd into his Ear?  
That all too late comes Counsel to be heard.

*without the least palliating of his Miscarriages, which I have done in the new Draft, with such words as These.*

Your Sycophants bred from your Child-hood with you,  
Have such Advantage had to work upon you,  
That scarce your Failings can be call'd your Faults.

*His Reply in Shakespear to the blunt honest Adviser runs thus.*

And Thou a Lunatick Lean-witted-fool, &c.

Now by my Seat's right Royal Majesty,

Wert Thou not Brother to great Edward's Son.

The Tongue that runs thus roundly in thy Head

Shou'd run thy Head from thy unreverent Shoulders.

*On the contrary (though I have made him express some Resentment) yet he is neither enrag'd with the good Advice, nor deaf to it. He answers Thus —*

———— Gentle Uncle;

Excuse the Sally's of my Youthfull Blood.

We shall not be unmindfull to redress

(However difficult) our States Corruptions,

And purge the Vanities that crowd our Court.

*I have*

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

*I have every where given him the Language of an Active, Prudent Prince. Preferring the Good of his Subjects to his own private Pleasure. On his Irish Expedition, you find him thus bespeak his Queen —*

Though never vacant Swain in silent Bow'rs  
Could boast a Passion so sincere as Mine,  
Yet where the Int'rest of the Subject calls  
We wave the dearest Transports of our Love,  
Flying from Beauties Arms to rugged War, &c.

*Nor could it suffice me to make him speak like a King (who as Mr. Rhymer says in his Tragedies of the last Age considered, are always in Poetry presum'd Heroes) but to Act so too, viz. with Resolution and Justice. Resolute enough our Shakespear (copying the History) has made him, for concerning his seizing old Gaunt's Revenues, he tells the wise Diswaders,*

Say what ye will, we seize into our Hands  
His Plate, his Goods, his Money and his Lands.

*But where was the Justice of this Action? This Passage I confess was so material a Part of the Chronicle (being the very Basis of Bullingbrook's Usurpation) that I could not in this new Model so far transgress Truth as to make no mention of it; yet for the honour of my Heroe I suppose the foresaid Revenues to be Borrow'd onely for the present Exigence, not Extorted.*

Be Heav'n our Judge, we mean him fair,  
And shortly will with Interest restore  
The Loan our suddain Streights make necessary.

*My Design was to engage the pity of the Audience for him in his Distresses, which I could never have compass'd had I not before shewn him a Wise, Active and Just Prince. Detrahting Language (if any where) had been excusable in the Mouths of the Conspirators: part of whose Dialogue runs thus in Shakespear;*

*North.* Now afore Heav'n 'tis shame such Wrongs are born  
In him a Royal Prince and many more  
Of noble Blood in this Declining Land:  
The King is not Himself, but basely led  
By Flatterers, &c.

*Ross.* The Commons He has pil'd with grievous Taxes  
And lost their Hearts, &c.

*Will.* And daily new Exactions are devis'd  
As Blanks, Benevolences, and I wot not what;

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

But what o' Gods Name doth become of This?

*North.* War hath not wasted it, for warr'd he has not;

But basely yielded upon Comprimize.

That which his Ancestours atchiev'd with Blows

More has He spent in Peace than they in War, &c.

*with much more villifying Talk; but I would not allow even Traytors and Conspirators thus to bespatter the Person whom I design'd to place in the Love and Compassion of the Audience. Ev'n this very Scene (as I have manag'd it) though it shew the Confederates to be Villains, yet it flings no Aspersions on my Prince.*

*Further, to Vindicate ev'n his Magnanimity in Regard of his Resigning the Crown, I have on purpose inserted an intirely new Scene between him and his Queen, wherein his Conduct is sufficiently excus'd by the Malignancy of his Fortune, which argues indeed Extremity of Distress, but Nothing of Weakness.*

*After this account it will be askt why this Play should be suppress'd, first in its own Name, and after in Disguise? All that I can answer to this, is, That it was Silenc'd on the Third Day. I confess, I expected it would have found Protection from whence it receiv'd Prohibition; and so questionless it would, could I have obtain'd my Petition to have it perus'd and dealt with according as the Contents Deserv'd, but a positive Doom of Suppression without Examination was all that I could procure.*

*The Arbitrary Courtiers of the Reign here written, scarcely did more Violence to the Subjects of their Time, then I have done to Truth, in disguising their foul Practices. Take ev'n the Richard of Shakespear and History, you will find him Dissolute, Careless, and Unadvisable: peruse my Picture of him and you will say, as Aeneas did of Hector, (though the Figure there was alter'd for the Worse and here for the Better) Quantum mutatus ab illo! And likewise for his chief Ministers of State, I have laid Vertues to their Charge of which they were not Guilty. Every Scene is full of Respect to Majesty and the dignity of Courts, not one alter'd Page but what breaths Loyalty, yet had this Play the hard fortune to receive its Prohibition from Court.*

*For the two days in which it was Acted, the Change of the Scene, Names of Persons, &c. was a great Disadvantage: many things were by this means render'd obscure and incoherent that in their native Dress had appear'd not only proper but gracefull. I call'd my Persons Sicilians but might as well have made 'em Inhabitants of the*

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

of the Isle of Pines, or, World in the Moon, for whom an Audience are like to have small Concern. Tet I took care from the Beginning to adorn my Prince with such heroick Vertues, as afterwards made his distressed Scenes of force to draw Tears from the Spectators; which, how much more touching they would have been had the Scene been laid at Home, let the Reader judge. The additional Comedy I judg'd necessary to help off the heaviness of the Tale, which Design, Sir, you will not only Pardon, but Approve. I have heard you commend this Method in Stage-writing, though less agreeable to stricktness of Rule; and I find your Choice confirm'd by our Laureat's last Piece, who confesses himself to have broken a Rule for the Pleasure of Variety. \* The Audience (says he) are grown weary of melancholly Scenes, and I dare prophesie that few Tragedies (except those in Verse) shall succeed in this Age if they are not lightned with a course of Mirth.

\* Epst. Ded.  
to the Span.  
Fryar.

And now, Sir, I fear I have transgress'd too far on your patience. Distress was always Talkative: he pleas'd to call to Mind your beloved Virgil's Nightingall when rob'd of her young.

Qualis populeâ mœrens Philomela sub Umbrâ,  
Amisissos queritur Fœtus, quos durus Arator  
Observans, Nido implumes detraxit; at Illa  
Flet noctem, ramoque sedens, miserabile Carmen  
Integrat; & in mortali loto Questibus implet.

This Simile you know, Sir, is occasion'd by Orpheus his lamenting the Loss of Euridice, which the Mythologists expound the Fruit of his Labours. You find Virgil himself elsewhere condoling his Oppression by Arius. Such are the Complaints of our Spencer defrauded by Cecill. With these, the melancholly Cowley joyns his Note; and, as Mr. Flatman says, 'tis the Language of the whole Tribe.

I heard 'em Curse their Stars in ponderous Rhymes,  
And in grave Numbers grumble at the Times.  
Poetry and Learning, ev'n in Petronius his time, was a barren Province, when Villany of any sort was a thriving Trade.

Qui Pelago credit magno, se scœnore tollit,  
Qui pugnat & Castra petit præcingitur Auro;  
Vilis Adulator picto jacet Ebrius ostro;  
Et qui sollicitat Nuptas, ad præmia peccat:  
Sola pruinosis horret Facundia pannis.

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

*Or to go a step higher in Antiquity ———*

*Quid est, Catulle, quod moraris emori?*

*Sellâ in Curuli Struma Nonius fedet,*

*Quid est, Catulle, quod moraris emori?*

*Aristotle himself confesses Poetry a better School of Vertue than Philosophy. Our own Sir Philip Sidney's learn'd Defence of it, is Demonstration what rewards are due, and our late incomparable Author of Hudibras, is no less Demonstration what returns are made to the best Masters of it. Not Greece or Rome can boast a Genius like His; yet after all, his Poverty was a greater Satyr on the Age than his Writings.*

*Once more, Sir, I beg your Pardon for digressing, and dismiss you to the following Poem, in which you will find some Master Touches of our Shakespear, that will Vie with the best Roman Poets, that have so deservedly your Veneration. If it yield you any Diversion I have my Desire, who covet all Opportunities of shewing my self gratefull for your Friendship to me, which I am proud of, and amongst the many whom your ingenious and obliging Temper has devoted to you, there is none that more prizes your Conversation, than*

Your obliged Friend

and humble Servant,

N. Tate.

PRO-



# PROLOGUE.

**T**O what a wretched state are Poets born,  
 Split on the Rocks of Envy or of Scorn :  
 Ev'n to the best the promis'd Wreath's deny'd,  
 And just Contempt attends on all beside.  
 This one wou'd think shou'd lessen the Temptation,  
 But they are Poëts by Predestination.  
 The fatal Bait undaunted they persue;  
 And claim the Laurel as their Labour's Due.  
 But where's the Use of Merit, or of Laws,  
 When Ignorance and Malice judge the Cause?  
 'Twixt these, like Æsop's Husband, Poëts fare,  
 This pulls the black and that the silver Hair,  
 Till they have left the Poëm bald and bare,  
 Behold the dreadful spot they ought to fear,  
 Whole Loads of Poët-bane are scattered here.  
 Where e'er it lights the sad Effects we find,  
 Tho' on the tender Hearts of Woman-kind.  
 The Men ( whose Talents they themselves mistake,  
 Or misapply, for Contradiction sake. )  
 Spight of their Stars must needs be Critiques still,  
 Nay, tho' prohibited by th' Irish Bill.  
 Blest Age ! when all our Actions seem design'd,  
 To prove a War 'twixt Reason and Mankind !  
 Here an affected Cocquet perks and prunes,  
 Tho' she's below the Level of Lampoons,  
 Venting her Fly-blown Charms till her Own Squire  
 Is grown too nice and dainty to Admire.  
 There a pretending Fop ( a Man of Note  
 More for his thread-bare Jest than Gawdy Coat )  
 Sees every Coxcomb's Mirth, yet wants the Sense  
 To know 'tis caus'd by his Impertinence.  
 Nor rests the Mighty Grievance here alone ;  
 For not content with Follies of our own,  
 We plunder the fair Sex of what we can,  
 Who seldom miss their dear Revenge on Man.  
 Their property of Falshood we invade,  
 Whilst they usurp our Mid-night Scouring Trade.



## SONG for the third ACT.

### I.

*Love's Delights were past Expressing  
    Could our happy Visions last,  
    Pity 'tis they fly so fast ;  
Pity 'tis so short a Blessing,  
Love's Delights were past expressing  
    Could our happy Visions last ;  
    Tide's of Pleasure in possessing  
Sweetly Flow, but soon are past.  
Love's Delights, &c.*

### II.

*Calms in Love are fleeting Treasure,  
    Only Visit and Away ;  
    Hasty Blessing we enjoy,  
Tedious Hours of Grief we Measure :  
Calms in Love are fleeting Treasure,  
    Only Visit and Away,  
    Sighs and Tears fore-run the Pleasure,  
Jealous Rage succeeds the Joy.  
Calms in Love, &c.*

(1)  
THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
King Richard the II<sup>d</sup>.

---

A C T I.

SCENE *a Chamber of State.* King Richard, John of Gaunt, Northumberland, Piercie, Ross, Willoughby, with other Nobles and Attendants.

King O LD John of Gaunt time honour'd Lancaster;  
Hast thou according to thy Oath and Bond  
Brought hither Harry Herford thy bold Son,  
Here to make good th'Impeachment lately charg'd  
Against the Duke of Norfolk Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have my Liege.

King. Hast thou moreover sifted him to find  
If he Impeach the Duke on private malice;  
Or worthily as a good Subject shou'd.

Gaunt. As far as I can sound him in the Business  
On some Apparent danger from the Duke  
Aim'd at your Highness, no Inveterate Malice!

King. Then set 'em in our presence Face to Face;  
And Frowning, Brow to Brow, our self will hear  
Th' Accuser and the Accus'd both freely speak;  
High-Stomacht are they both and in their Rage  
Deaf as the storming Sea, hasty as Fire.

B

Bu King-

# The History of

*Bulling-brook and Mowbray from several Entrances.*

*Bull.* Now many years of happy day's befall  
My gracious Sovereign my most honour'd Liege.

*Mow.* Each day exceeding th' others happiness  
Till Heav'n in Jealousie to Earth's success  
Add an immortal Title to your Crown.

*King.* Cousin of *Herford* what dost thou object  
Against the Duke of *Norfolk Thomas Mowbray*?

*Bull.* First then be Heav'n the Record to my speech,  
That in devotion to a Subjects love  
(Not on Suggestions of a private Hatred)  
Come I Appealant to this Princely presence. —  
Now *Thomas Mowbray* do I turn to Thee,  
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak  
My Body shall make good upon this Earth,  
Or my divine Soul answer it in Heav'n:  
Thou art a Trayter to the King and State,  
A foul Excrecence of a Noble Stem;  
To Heav'n I speak it, and by Heav'n 'tis true,  
That thou art Treason spotted, false as Hell,  
And with (so please my Sovereign) ere we move,  
What my Tongue speaks, my right drawn Sword may prove.

*Mow.* Let not the coldness of my Language draw  
My Sov'reign Liege your Censure on my Zeal,  
'Tis not the Tryal of a Womans War,  
The senseless clamour of contending Tongues  
Can arbitrate the Difference 'twixt us Two,  
The Blood is hot; that must be cool'd for this:  
The Reverence of this Presence curbs my speech,  
That else had shot like Lightning and return'd  
This charge of Treason, to the slanderers Throat:  
Set but aside his high Blood's Royalty,  
And let him be no Kins-man to the King.  
Allow me this, and *Bulling-brook's* a Villain;  
Which to maintain I will allow him odds,  
Pursue him bare-foot to the farthest North,  
Whose Chastisement I tamely now forbear,

*Bull.* White-liver'd Coward there I throw my Gage,  
Disclaiming my Relation to the King,

Which

Which Fear, not Reverence make thee to object;  
 If guilty Dread has left thee so much strength,  
 Stoop and take up forthwith my Honour's Pawn;  
 By that and all the Rights of Knight-hood else  
 I will make good against thee Arm to Arm  
 What I have said, and Seal it with thy Soul.

*Mow.* I seize it *Herford* as I would seize Thee,  
 And by the Sword that laid my Knight-hood on me  
 I'll answer thee in any Knightly Tryal  
 As hot in Combate as thou art in Brawl.

*King.* What do's our Cousen lay to *Norfolk's* Charge?

*Bull.* First then I say (my Sword shall prove it true)  
 That *Mow-bray* has receiv'd eight thousand Nobles  
 In Name of Lendings for your Highness Service,  
 All which for lew'd Employments he detains  
 Like a false Traytor and injurious Villain;  
 Besides I say and will in Combate prove,  
 That all the Treasons, Plots, Conspiracies  
 Hatcht for these eighteen years within this Realm,  
 Fetcht from false *Mowbray* their first Spring and Head:  
 Farther I say, and on his Heart will prove it,  
 That he did Plot the Duke of *Gloster's* Death,  
 Whose Martial Ghost to me for Vengeance cries,  
 And by the glorious Worth of my Descent  
 This Arm shall give it, or this Blood be spent.

*King.* How high a Pitch his Resolution Soars.  
*Thomas of Norfolk* what say'st thou to this?

*Mow.* O let my Sov'rain turn away his Face  
 And bid his Ear a little while be Deaf,  
 Till I have told this slander of his Blood,  
 How Heav'n and good men hate so foul a Lyar.

*King.* Now by our Sceptres Awe I tell thee *Mowbray*,  
 Were he my Brother, nay my Kingdoms Heir,  
 Our Blood shou'd nothing priviledge him, nor bend  
 Our upright Soul from Justice.

*Mow.* Then *Bulling-brook* as low as to thy Heart  
 Thou ly'st; Three parts of my Receipts for *Callice*  
 I have disburs't amongst his Highness Souldiers;  
 The Rest I by the King's consent reserv'd  
 Upon remainder of a dear Account,

Since last I went to fetch the Queen from *France*.  
 First swallow down that Lye—for *Gloster's* Death  
 I flew him not, but rather to my fault  
 Neglected my Sworn Duty in that Case,  
 Compassion being here all my Offence.  
 And for the rest of thy perfidious Charge,  
 It Issues from the rancour of a Villain,  
 The flowing Gall of a degenerate Traytor,  
 In proof of which I summon thee to Combate,  
 Beseeching of his Majesty the Grace  
 To my wrong'd Fame r'appoint our Tryal-day  
 Where *Herford's* Blood shall for his slanders pay,  
 And wash the Poyson of his Tongue away.

*King.* Rash men, thus long we have giv'n you the hearing,  
 Now let the pleasure of your King be heard;  
 And know our Wisdom shall prescribe a way  
 To purge this Choller without letting Blood,  
 Forget, forgive, conclude and be agreed,  
*Gaunt*, see this difference end where it begun,  
 We'll calm the Duke of *Norfolk*, you your Son.

*Gaunt.* To be a Peace-maker becomes my Age  
 Throw down my Son the Duke of *Norfolk's* Gage.

*King.* And *Norfolk* throw down his.

*Gaunt.* When *Harry* when?  
 Obedience bids, I shou'd not bid again.

*King.* Will *Norfolk* when the King commands be slow?

*Mow.* My self dread Sov'raign at your feet I throw;  
 My Life you may command, but not my Shame,  
 I cannot give, nor will you ask my Fame;  
 I am Impeacht, disgrac't before my King,  
 Pierc't to the Soul with Slanders Venom'd Sting,  
 Incurable but by the Traytor's Blood  
 That breath'd the Poyson.

*King.* Rage must be withstood;  
 Give me his Gage, Lyons make Leopards tame.

*Mow.* Yes, but not change their Spots, take but my shame,  
 And I resign my Gage; my dear dread Lord,  
 The purest Treasure Mortal times afford  
 Is spotless honour; take but that away  
 Men are but guilded Loam and painted Clay.



*King*

King Richard the Second.

5

*King.* Cousin, throw down his Gage, do you begin,

*Bull.* Just Heav'n defend me from so foul a sin.

Condemn not Sir your Blood to such disgrace!

Shall I seem brav'd before my Father's Face?

No, Royal Sir, ere my Blaspheming Tongue

Shall do my Loyalty so foul a wrong,

Or sound so base a Parle, by th' Roots I'll tear

The slavish Heralld of so vile a fear,

And spit it bleeding where the worst disgrace,

And slanders harbour, ev'n in *Mowbray's* face.

*King.* Now by my Scepter you have wak't my spleen,

And since we sue in vain to make ye friends,

Prepare to meet before us in the Lists,

You shall, and he that bauk's the Combat, dies.

Behold me give your head-long fury Scope, :

Each to chastise the others guilty Pride.

What Council cannot, let the Sword decide.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE the Second.

*Enter Dutcheſs of Gloceſter in Mourning.*

*Dutch.* How slow alas the hours of Sorrow fly,  
Whose Wings are damp't with Tears! my dear, dear *Gloſter*,  
I have more than a Widdows loſs to mourn,  
She but laments a Death; but I a Murder.

[*Enter Gaunt.*]

*Gaunt.* When Sister will you find the way to comfort?

*Dutch.* When *Gaunt* has found the way to Vengeance, Comfort  
Before that hour were Guilty.

*Edwards* seven Sons (whereof thy ſelf art one)

Where as seven Viols of his ſacred Blood,

Or seven fair Branches ſpringing from one Stock;

Some of thoſe Streams by natures courſe are dry'd,

Some of thoſe Branches by the Deſtinies cut;

But *Thomas*, my dear Lord, my Life, my *Gloſter*,

One flouriſhing Branch of that moſt Royal Stem,

Iſhew'd and all his verdant Leaves diſperſt,

By envies hand and Murders bloody Axe.

*Gaunt.* Sister, the part I have in *Gloſter's* Blood,

Do's more ſollicite me than your exclaims,

To ſtir againſt the Butchers of his life;

But



But since Revenge is Heav'n's Prerogative,  
Put we our Quarrel to the will of Heav'n.

*Enter York.*

*York.* Save ye Sister — very hot! oh! hot weather and hot work: come Brother, the Lists are ready; the Fight will be worth the while: besides your concern there is somewhat more than ordinary. I faith now I cou'd be content to have *Harry* scape; but for all that I wou'd have the Traytor die.

*Gaunt.* Cou'd my impartial eye but find him such,  
Fell *Mow-bray's* Sword should come to late.

*Dutch.* Where shall my Sorrows make their last complaint,  
If *York* deny me too?

*York.* What wou'd our Sister?

*Dutch.* Revenge, and speedy for my *Glosters* death.

*York.* Why there 'tis — Revenge, ho! a fine morsel for a Lady fasting, *Gloster* was my Brother, true — but *Gloster* was a Traytor and that's true too — I hate a Traytor more than I love a Brother.

*Dutch.* A Traytor *York*?

*York.* 'Tis somewhat a course name for a Kinsman, but yet to my thinking, to raise an Army, execute Subjects, threaten the King himself, and reduce him to answer particulars, has a very strong smatch with it — go too, you are in fault, your complaints are guilty; your very Tears are Treason. No remedy but Patience.

*Dutch.* Call it not patience, *York*, 'tis cold despair,  
In suffering thus your Brother to be slaughter'd,  
You shew the naked path to your own Lives;  
Ah! had his fate been yours my *Gloster* wou'd  
Have set a Nobler Prince upon your Lives.

*York.* This Air grows infectious: will you go Brother.

*Dutch.* But one word more, grief ever was a Talker,  
But I will teach him silence; of you both  
I take eternal leave. Comforts wait on you  
When I am laid in Earth: to some dark Cell  
Will I betake me, where this weary Life  
Shall with the taper waste: there shall I greet,  
No Visitant but Death — adieu! my Lords!  
If this Farewell your Patience has abus'd,  
Think 'twas my last, and let it be excus'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE



SCENE the Third.

*A Pavilion of State before the Lists.*

*Marshal and Aumerle from several Entrances.*

*Marsh.* My Lord Aumerle is Harry Herford arm'd?

*Aum.* Yes, at all points and longs to enter in,

*Marsh.* The Duke of Norfolk sprightly and bold  
Waits but the Summons of the Appealants Trumpet,  
But see, the King.

*Flourish, Enter King, Queen attended, Gaunt, York,  
Pierce, Northumberland, &c. who place themselves to  
view the Combat. Mowbray brought in by a Herald.*

*King.* Marshal demand of yonder Combatant,  
Why he comes here, and orderly proceed  
To swear him in the justice of his cause.

*Marsh.* In the Kings name say who thou art and what's thy Quarrel?  
Speak truly on thy Knighthood and thy Oath,  
So Heav'n defend thee and thy Valour.

*Mow.* Hither is Mowbray come upon his Oath,  
To justify his Loyalty and truth,  
Against false Bullingbrook that has appeal'd me,  
And as I truly fight defend me Heav'n.

*Trumpet again. Bullingbrook and Herald.*

*King.* Demand of yonder Knight why he comes here,  
And formally according to our Law,  
Depose him in the justice of his Cause.

*Marsh.* Thy name, and wherefore thou art hither come  
Before King Richard in his Royal Lists,  
Speak like a true Knight: so defend thee Heav'n,

*Bull.* Harry of Herford, Lancaster and Derby,  
Stands here in Arms to prove on Thomas Mowbray,  
That he's a Traytor to the King and State,  
And as I truly fight defend me Heav'n.  
But first Lord Marshal I entreat the Grace  
To kiss my Sovereigns hand and do him homage,  
For Mowbray and my self are like to men  
That vow along and weary Pilgrimage,

Therefore

Therefore shou'd take a ceremonious leave  
And tender farewell of our several Friends.

*Marsh.* Th'Appealant in all duly greets your Highness,  
Craving to kiss your hand and take his leave.

*King.* We will descend and fould him in our Arms ;  
Now Cousin, as thy Cause is just,  
So be thy Fortune in this Royal Fight;  
Farewel my Blood, which if thou chance to shed,  
Lament we may, but not revenge the dead.

*Bull.* No noble eye be seen to loose a Tear  
On me if I be foil'd by *Mowbrays* Arm ;  
As confident as is the Faulcon's flight  
At tim'rous Birds do I with *Mowbray* fight.  
O thou the gen'rous Author of my Blood,  
Whose youthful Spirit enflames and lifts me up  
To reach at Victory above my Head,  
Add proof to this my Armour with thy Pray'rs,  
And with thy Blessings point my vengeful Sword  
To furbish new th'illustrious name of *Gaunt*.

[To *Gaunt*.

*Mow.* However Heaven or Fortune cast my Lot,  
There lives or dies a just and loyal man :  
Never did wretched Captive greet the hour  
Of freedom with more welcome or delight  
Than my transported soul do's celebrate  
This Feast of battle — Blessings on my King,  
And peace on all.

*King.* Farewell my Lord,  
Virtue and Valour guard thee : *Marshal* finish.

*Marsh.* *Harry of Herford, Lancaster and Derby,*  
Receive thy Sword and Heav'n defend thy Right,  
Fear this to *Mowbray*.

*Mow.* Curse on your tedious Ceremonies, more  
To us tormenting then t'expecting Bridegrooms.  
The signal for Heav'n's sake.

*Marsh.* Sound Trumpets, and set forward Combatants.  
Stay, stay, the King has thrown his Warder down.

*King.* Command the Knights once more back to their Posts,  
And let the Trumpets sound a second charge,  
Whilst with our Lords we briefly do advise.

Another

*Another flourish after which the King speaks.*

Command 'em to resigne their Arms, and listen  
To what we with our Council have Decreed,  
For that our Eyes detest the spectacle  
Of Civil Wounds, from whence the dire infection  
Of general War may spring, we bar your Combat,  
Suppress those Arms that from our Coast wou'd fright  
Fair Peace, and make us wade in Kinsmen's Blood :  
And lest your Neighbour-hood cause after-broils,  
We banish you our Realms to different Climes,  
You *Bullingbrook* on pain of Death,  
Till twice five Summers have enricht our Fields.

*Bull.* And must this be your Pleasure? well!  
Your pleasure stand, 'twill be my comfort still,  
The Sun that warms you here, shall shine on me  
And guild my Banishment.

*King.* *Mowbray* for thee remains a heavier doom,  
The slow succeeding hours shall not determine  
The dateless limit of thy dear exile,  
The hopeless word of never to return,  
Breath we against thee upon pain of Death.

*Mow.* A heavy Sentence my most Sov'raign Lord,  
The Language I have learnt these Forty years,  
My native English must I now forgo?  
I am too old to fawn upon a Nurse,  
And learn the Prattle of a forraign tongue.  
What is thy Sentence then, but speechless Death?  
You take the cruelst way to rob my Breath.

*King.* Complaint comes all too late where we decree.

*Mow.* Then thus I turn me from my Countries light,  
Pleas'd with my doom because it pleas'd the King,  
Farewell my Lord, now *Mowbray* cannot stray,  
Let me shun *England*, all the worlds my way.

*King.* Return again and take an Oath with thee.  
Lay on our Royal Sword your banisht Hands,  
Swear by the duty that you owe to Heav'n  
Nere to embrace each others love in Banishment,  
Nor ever meet, nor write to reconcile  
This lowring tempest of your home-bred hate,  
Nor Plot to turn the edge of your Revenge,

On Us, our State, our Subjects and our Land.

*Bull.* I Swear.

*Mow.* And I to keep all this!

*Bull.* By this time *Mowbray*, had the King permitted,  
One of our Souls had wandered in the Air,  
As now our flesh is doom'd on Earth to wander,  
Confess thy Treason ere thou fly the Land;  
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along  
Th'incumbring Burden of a guilty Soul.

*Mow.* No *Bullingbrook*, if ever I were false,  
Let Heav'n renounce me as my Country has;  
But what thou art, Heav'n, Thou and I do know,  
And all (my heart forbodes) too soon shall rue.  
My absence then shall yet this comfort bring,  
Not to behold the Troubles of my King.

[*Exit.*

*King.* Uncle within thy tear-charg'd Eyes I read  
Thy hearts fell sorrow, and that troubled Look,  
Has from the number of his Banisht years  
Pluckt four away; Six frozen Winters spent,  
Return with welcome from thy Banishment.

*Gaunt.* I thank my Liege, that in regard to me,  
He cuts off four years from my Sons exile,  
But small advantage shall I reap thereby,  
For ere those slow six years can change their Moons,  
My inch of Taper will be spent and done,  
Nor *Gaunt* have life to welcom home his Son.

*King.* Despair not Uncle, you have long to live.

*Gaunt.* But not a Minute *King* that thou canst give.

*King.* Thy Son was banisht upon advice,  
To which thy Tongue a party — Verdict gave,

*Gaunt.* My interest I submitted to your Will,  
You urg'd me like a Judge, and I forgot  
A Father's Name, and like a strict Judge doom'd Him.  
Alas I look'd when some of you should say,  
I was too strict to make my Own away!  
But all gave leave to my unwilling Tongue,  
To do my ag'd heart this unnatural wrong.

*King.* Now for the Rebels that hold out in *Ireland*,  
And turn our mild forbearance to contempt,  
Fresh forces must be lev'd with best speed,

Ere

## King Richard the Second.

II

Ere farther leisure yield them further strength,  
We will our self in person to this War,  
And quench this flame before it spread too far.

*Ex. with Attendants.*

*Gaunt.* O to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,  
When thou shouldst breath dear farewels to thy Friends  
That round thee, all like silent Mourners gaze.

*Bull.* They will not censure me whose scanty time  
And breath's too little to take leave of you.  
My dear Companions you have known my Heart  
Too long, to doubt it on a silent grief——  
Ha! by my swelling blood my Father's pale!  
How fare's your honour? good my Lords your hands.

*Gaunt.* I feel a heaviness like Death, and hope  
It is no counterfeit—— All shall be well.

*Bull.* By Heav'n it shall—— I feel my veins work high,  
And conscious glory kindling in my breast,  
Inspires a Thought to vast to be express;  
Where this disgrace will end the Heav'ns can tell,  
And *Herford's* Soul divines, that 'twill be well!  
A Beam of royal splendor strikes my Eye,  
Before my charm'd sight, Crowns and Scepters fly;  
The minutes big with Fate, too slowly run,  
But hasty *Bullingbrook* shall push 'em on.

[*Ex.*

The End of the First Act.

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## A C T II.

*A Chamber.*

*Gaunt Sick, to him York.*

*York.* **N**ow Brother, what cheer?

*Gaunt.* Why well, 'tis with me as old *Gaunt* cou'd wish.

*York.* What, *Harry* sticks with you still; well I hear he's safe in  
*France* and very busie.

*Gaunt.* My Blood were never Idle.

*The History of*

*York.* I fear too busie; come, he's a parlous Boy, I smell a confed'racy betwixt him and his Companions here, Mischiefe will come on't, cut him off I say; Let him be Kites-meat — I would hang a Son, to kill a Traytor.

*Gaunt.* Go sleep good *York* and wake with better thoughts.

*York.* Heav'n grant we sleep not all 'till Alarums wake us. I tell you Brother I lik'd not the manner of his departure, 'twas the very smooth smiling Face of Infant Rebellion; with what familiar Courtesie did he caress the Rabble?

What reverence did he throw away on Slaves?  
Off goes his Bonnet to an Oysterwench,  
A Brace of Dray-men bid God speed him well  
And had the Tribute of his supple knee,  
Then shakes a Shoo-maker by the waxt Thumbs,  
With thanks my Country-men, my Friends, my Brothers,  
Then comes a Peal of sighs wou'd knock a Church down,  
Roguery, mechanick Roguery! rank Treason,

*Gaunt.* My sickness grows upon me, set me higher.

*York.* Villany takes its time, all goes worse and worse in *Ireland*, Rebellion is there on the Wing, and here in the Egg; yet still the Court dances after the *French* Pipe, Eternal Apes of Vanity: Mutiny stirring, Discipline asleep, Knaves in Office, all's wrong; make much of your Sickness Brother: if it be Mortal, 'tis worth a Duke-dome.

*Gaunt.* How happy Heav'n were my approaching death  
Cou'd my last words prevail upon the King,  
Whose easie gentle Nature has expos'd  
His unexperienc'd Youth to flatterers frauds;  
Yet at this hour, I hope to bend his Ear  
To Councel, for the Tongues of dying men  
Enforce attention like deep Harmony:  
Where words are scarce, th'are seldom spent in Vain,  
For they breath Truth, that breath their Words in Pain.

*Enter King, Queen, Northumberland, Ross, Willoughby,  
Piercy, &c. With Guards and Attendants.*

*Queen.* How fares our Noble Uncle *LANCASTER*?

*King.* How is't with aged *Gaunt*?

*Gaunt.* Ag'd as your Highness says, and *Gaunt* indeed.

*Gaunt*



## King Richard the Second.

*Gaunt*, as a Grave whose Womb holds nought but Bones,  
*King*. Can sick men play so nicely with their Names?

*Gaunt*. Since thou dost seek to kill my Name in me,  
I mock my Name great King to flatter thee.

*King*. Should dying men then, flatter those that Live?

*Gaunt*. No, no, Men living flatter those that dye.

*King*. Thou now a dying sayst, thou flatter'st me.

*Gaunt*. Oh ! no, Thou dyest though I the sicker am,

*King*. I am in health breath, free but see thee ill

*Gaunt*. Now he that made me knows I see thee ill.

Thy death-bed is no less than the whole Land,  
Whereon thou ly'st in Reputation sick.

Yet hurri'd on by a malignant fate

Commit'st thy annoynted Body to the Cure  
Of those Physitians that first Poyson'd thee !

Upon thy Youth a Swarm of flatterers hang  
And with their fulsome weight are daily found  
To bend thy yielding Glories to the ground.

*King*. Judge Heav'n how poor a thing is Majesty,  
Be thou thy self the Judge, when thou sick *Wight*  
Presuming on an Agues Priviledge  
Dar'st with thy Frozen admonition,  
Make pale our Cheek, but I excuse thy weakness.

*Gaunt*. Think not the Ryot of your Court can last,  
Tho fed with the dear Life blood of your Realms ;  
For vanity at last preys of it self.

This Earth of Majesty, this seat of *Mars*,  
This Fortrefs built by Nature in the Floods,  
Whose Rocky shores beat back the foaming Sedge,  
This *England* Conquerour of the Neighbing Lands,  
Makes now a shameful Conquest on it self.

*Tork*. Now will I stake (my Liege) my Soul upon't ;  
Old *Gaunt* is hearty in his wishes for you,  
And what he speaks, is out of honest Zeal,  
And tho thy Anger prove to me as Mortal,  
As is to him this sickness, yet blunt *Tork*  
Must Eccho to his words and cry,  
Thou art abus'd and flatter'd.

*King*. Gentle Uncle,  
Excuse the sallies of my youthful Blood,



I know y<sup>e</sup> are Loyal both and mean us well,  
Nor shall we be unmindful to redress,  
(However difficult) our States corruption,  
And purge the Vanities that Crown'd our Court.

*Gaunt.* My gracious Liege your Pardon, this bold duty,  
Was all that stood betwixt my Grave and me,  
Your Sycophants bred from your Child-hood with you,  
Have such advantage had to work upon you,  
That scarce your failings can be call'd your faults;  
Now to Heav'n's care and your own Piety,  
I leave my sacred Lord, and may you have  
In life that peace that waits me in the Grave.

*King.* Thanks my good Uncle, bear him to his Bed, [*Exit Gaunt.*  
Attend him well, and if a Princes Prayers  
Have more than common interest with Heav'n,  
Our Realm shall yet enjoy his honest Council.  
And now my Souldiers for our Irish Wars,  
We must suppress these rough prevailing Kerns,  
That live like Venom, where no Venom else  
But only they have priviledg to live.  
But first our Uncle *Gaunt* being indispos'd,  
We do create his Brother both in Blood  
And Loyalty our Uncle *York*,  
Lord Governour of *England*, in our absence  
Observe me Lords, and pay him that respect  
You give our Royal Presence. [*Enter Northumberland.*

*North.* My Liege old *Gaunt* commends him to your Highness.

*King.* What says our Uncle?

*North.* Nothing; all is said.

His Tongue is now a stringless instrument,  
But call'd on your lov'd name and blest you dying.

*King.* The ripest fruit falls first and so doe's He,  
His course is done, our Pilgrimage to come,  
So much for that; return we to our War  
And cause our Coffers with too great a Court  
And liberal Largeſs, are grown somewhat Light:  
Prest with this exigence, we for a time  
Do seize on our dead Uncles large Revenues  
In *Herford's* absence.

*York.* O my Liege pardon me if you please, if not, I please not  
to

to be pardon'd, spare to seize the Royalties and Rights of banisht *Herford*, I fear already he's too apt t'engage against your Power, and these proceedings will give countenance and growth to his Designs, forbear to draw such Dangers on your Head.

*King.* Be Heav'n our judge we mean him nothing fowl  
But shortly will with interest restore  
The Loan our sudden streights make necessary. —  
Weep not my Love nor drown with boding Tears,  
Our springing Conquest, bear our absence well,  
Nor think that I have joy to part with Thee,  
Tho never vacant Swain in silent Bowers,  
Could boast a passion so sincere as mine,  
Yet where the int'rest of the Subject calls,  
We wave the dearest Transports of our Love  
Flying from Beauty's Arms to rugged War;  
Conscience our first, and Thou our second Care.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Manent, Morthumberland, Piercy, Ross, Willoughby.*

*North.* Well Lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

*Will.* And living too if Justice had her right,  
For *Herford* then were more than a bare Name,  
Who now succeeds departed *Gaunt* in nothing,  
But in his mind's rich Virtues, the Kings pleas'd  
To have occasion for his temporal wealth!  
O my heart swells, but let it burst with silence,  
Ere it be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.

*Perc.* Now rot the tongue that scants a Subjects freedom,  
Loosers at least are priviledgd to talk,  
And who accounts not *Herford's* loofs his own  
Deserves not the esteem of *Herford's* friend.  
There's none of us here present but did weep  
At parting, and if there be any one  
Whose tears are not converted now to fire  
He is a Crocodile.

*North.* The fate of *Bullingbrook* will soon be ours,  
We hear the Tempest sing yet seek no shelter,  
We see our wreck and yet securely perish,  
A sure, but willful Fate—for had ye Spirits  
But worthy to receive it, I cou'd say  
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

*Piercy.*

*Pierc.* Give us thy thoughts and rate 'em as thou wilt,  
Here's Blood for 'em, but point us to the veins  
That hold the richest, we will empty those,  
To purchase 'em.

*North.* Hold generous Youth.  
This gallantry unlocks my inmost Breast,  
Seizing a secret dearer than my heart.  
Attend me Lords, I have from *Port le Blanc*  
This very day receiv'd intelligence,  
That our wrong'd *Herford* with Lord *Rainold Cobham*,  
*Sir Thomas Arpingham*, bold *Sir John Rainston*,  
*Sir Robert Waterton*, *Quaint*, *Norbery*,  
With eight tall Ships, three thousand men in Arms,  
Design with speed to touch our Northern shore,  
If then you have a spark of British glory,  
To imp our drooping Countries broken Wing,  
Joyn hands with me and post to *Ravensturg*.

*Rofs.* Now business stirs and life is worth our while.

*Will.* Nature her self of late hath broke her Order,  
Then why should we continue our dull Round?  
Rivers themselves refuse their wonted course,  
Start wide or turn on their own Fountain heads;  
Our Lawrels all are blasted, rambling Meteors  
Affright the fixt inhabitants of Heav'n.  
The pale fact Moon looks bloody on the Earth,  
And lean-lookt Prophets whisper dreadful change.

*Pierc.* Away, let's post to th' North, and see for once  
A Sun rise there; the glorious *Bulling-brook*,  
For our Return will not pass a thought,  
For if our Courtiers passage be withstood,  
We'll make our selves a Sea and sail in Blood.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Queen Attended.*

*Lady.* Despair not Madam.

*Queen.* Who shall hinder me?

I will despair and be at enmity,  
With flattering hope, he is a Couzener,  
A Parasite, a keeper back of Death,  
That wou'd dissolve at once our pain and Life,  
Which lingring hope holds long upon the Rack;

Yet

Yet Murders at the last the cruel'st way.

*Lady.* Here comes the Duke. [Enter York and Servants.

*Queen.* With signs of War about his aged neck,  
And full of careful business are his looks.

*York.* Death and confusion! oh! — set my Corfleeht right, fetch  
my commanding Sword: scour up the brown Bills, Arm, Arm,  
Arm.

*Queen.* Now Uncle for Heav'n's sake speak comfort.

*York.* Comforts in Heav'n, and we are on the Earth, nothing but  
crosses on this side of the Moon; my heart stews in Choller, I shall  
dissolve to a Gelly. That your Husband shou'd have no more wit  
than to go a Knight Erranting whilst Rogues seize all at home, and  
that I shou'd have no more wit than to be his Deputy at such a proper  
time: to undertake to support a crazy Government, that can  
scarce carry my own Fat: Well *Sirrah*, have you given my Son  
orders to strengthen his Forces? if he prove a Flinchier too. —

*Gent.* My Lord I know not how he stands affected,  
Not well, I fear; because at my Arrival  
He was withdrawn, at least pretended so  
So that I could not give him your Commands.

*York.* Why so? go all which way it will, the Nobles are all fled,  
and hide themselves like my ungracious Rascal, or else strike in  
with the Rebels; the Commons find our Exchequer empty and  
revolt too, and a blessed bargain I have on't.

*Queen.* Alas my Bank and Jewels are dispos'd off  
For the Kings wants already, and to wait  
Till fresh recruits come from our Fathers Court,  
I fear will lose our Cause.

*York.* Get thee to *Plasby* to my Sister *Gloster*,  
Her Coffers I am sure are strongly lin'd,  
Bid her send me presently 50000. Nobles.  
Hold — take my Ring, fly if thou lov'st thy Head.

*Gent.* My Lord I had forgot to tell you that to day  
Passing by there I was inform'd —  
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

*York.* What is't Knave?

*Gent.* An hour before I came the Dutches Dy'd,  
Her Son your Nephew ere her Blood was cold,  
Makes all secure and flies to *Bullingbrook*.

*York.* Death what a tide of woes break upon us at once! Per-

verse Woman to take this time to Die in, and the varlet her Son too to take this time to play the villain in: wou'd to Heav'n the King had cut off my Head as he did my Brothers, Come Sister — Couzen I would say, pray Pardon me, if I know how to order these perplext Affairs, I am a Surgeon. Gentlemen go Muster up your Men, and meet me at *Barkley Castle*. I should to *Plashie* too, but time will not suffer; the Wind's cross too, and will let us hear nothing from *Ireland*, nor boots it much, if they have no better News for us, than we have for them. All's wrong, Oh! fie, hot! hot!

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE the Third.

*The Field, Flourish Enter.*

*Bullingbrook, Northumberland, Piercy, and the Rest with their Powers.*

*Bull.* And thus like Seamen, scatter'd in a Storm  
Meet we to Revel on the safer Shore;  
Accept my worthy Friends, my dearest thanks,  
For yet my Infant Fortunes can present  
Returns no Richer but when these are Ripe, —

*North.* Your Presence was the Happiness we sigh'd for,  
And now made Rich in that we seek no more.

*Enter Ross, and Willoughby.*

*Bull.* My Lords, y'are well return'd, what News from *Wales*,  
We hear that *Salisbury* has Levi'd there  
Full 40000 on the Kings behalf.

*Ross.* My Lord, that Cloud's dispers'd, the Welshmen hearing  
That all the North here had resign'd to you,  
Dispers'd themselves and part are hither fled.

*Will.* Fortune so Labours to Confirm your Pow'r  
That all Attempts go cross on the Enemies side.

*Enter York and Servants.*

*Bull.* But see our Uncle *Tork*, come as I guess  
To Treat with us, being doubtful of his strength,  
His hot and testie humour else wou'd nere  
Salute us but with Blows; be ready Guards  
When I shall give Command — My Noble Uncle.

*Tork.*

*Tork.* Shew me thy humble Heart and not thy Knee,  
Whose Duty's feign'd and false.

*Bull.* My Gracious Uncle.

*Tork.* Tut, tut, Grace me no Grace, and Uncle me no Uncle,  
I am no Traytors Uncle, I renounce thee,  
Why have these banisht and forbidden Feet  
Dar'd once to touch a Dust of English ground,  
But more then why, why have they dar'd to march  
So many Miles upon her Peaceful Bosom,  
Frighting her pale-fac't Villages with War?  
Com'st thou because th'annointed King is hence,  
Why graceless Boy the King is left behind  
And in my Loyal Bosom lies the Power:  
Were I but now the Lord of such hot Youth,  
As when brave Gaunt thy Father and my Self  
Rescu'd the *Black Prince*, that young *Mars* of Men,  
O then how quickly should this Arm of mine,  
(Now Pris'ner to the Palsie) Chastise thee,  
And this raw Crew of hot-braind Youth about thee?  
Your Boys should have Correction, much Correction.

*Bull.* Why reverend Uncle, let me know my fault  
On what Condition stands it and wherein?

*Tork.* Even in Condition of the worst Degree,  
In gross Rebellion and detested Treason,  
Thou art a Banisht Man and here art come,  
Before the Expiration of thy time,  
In braving Arms against thy Sovereign.

*Bull.* As I was Banisht, I was Banisht *Herford*,  
But as I come I come for *Lancaster*,  
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent Eye,  
You are my Father, for methinks in you,  
I see Old Gaunt Alive: O then my Father  
Will you permit that I shall stand Condemnd  
A wandring Vagabond, my Rights and Royalties  
Snatcht from my Hand perforce and giv'n away  
To up-start Unthrifts? wherefore was I Born?  
If that my Cousen King, be King of *England*,  
It must be granted I am Duke of *Lancaster*,

*Tork.* Thy words are all as false as thy Intents,  
The King but for the Service of the State,



Has Borrow'd thy Revenue for a time,  
And Pawn'd to me his Honour to repay it,  
Which I as *Gaunt* Executour allow'd.

*Bull.* Then Uncle I am sorry you have drawn the Guilt on your own head, and that of Course Justice must fall there too; we must Commit you to our Guards Custody.

*York.* Perfidious Villain,  
Now he that has a Soul give me a Sword!  
And since my Followers are too few to Engage,  
Give but this Villain here and me a Ring,  
And if you do not see a Traytor Cudgell'd,  
As a Vile Traytor should, I'll give ye leave  
To hang my Brawn i'th' Sun.

*North.* The Duke has sworn he comes but for his own,  
And in that Claim we all resolve to Assist him.

*York.* What says *Northumberland*? thou rev'rend Rebel,  
Think what a Figure makes thy Beard amongst  
This Callow Crew; allow that he were wrong'd,  
As on the Kings Faith and mine he is not,  
Yet in this kind to come with threatening Arms,  
To Compass right with wrong, it may not be;  
And you that do abet him in this sort  
From the hoar'd Head to the raw beardless Chin,  
Cherish Rebellion, and are Rebels all.

*Bull.* We have not leisure to debate; strike Drums.

*York.* Now the Villains Curse light on thee, and if thou dost seize the Crown, mayst thou be more Plagu'd with being King, than I am with being Deputy.

### SCENE the Fourth.

*Enter Rabble*] A Shoemaker, Farrier, Weaver, Tanner, Mercer.  
Brewer, Butcher, Barber, and infinite others with  
a Confused Noise.

1. Silence hea! I Revelation Stitch Command Silence.

*All.* Peace ho!

1. Am I not Nobly Descended and Honourably Born?

2. Right, the Field is Honourable, and there was he Born under a Hedge.

1. Have



1. Have I not born Commission with *Watt Tyler* (witness our luminary lost in that Service) and was I not president at *Jack Straw's* Councel, to kill all the Nobility and Clergy; but the Fryers mendicant, that in our Reign wou'd soon have starv'd out o'th' way?

*All.* Hum! hum! hem!

1. What place then do our guifts defere at such a season, where the temporal King is absent and Usurpers invade?

2. Why, it behoveth thee to take unto thee a good Conscience, and make thy self King.

1. *Simon Shuttles*, I never lik't thy Politicks, our meanest Brethren pretend to the spirit of Governing, our Talent is to govern the Governour; therefore as *Bullingbrook* shall approve himself to our liking, we will fix him upon the last of the Government, or cast him out amongst the shreds and shavings of the Common-wealth.

4. But pray Neighbour, what is this same Common-wealth?

3. You may see it at *Smithfield* all the Fair-time, 'tis the Butt End of the Nation.

5. Peace hea! hear Master *Revelation* expound it.

1. Why the Common-wealth is a-Kin to your-a-republick, like Man and Wife, the very same thing, only the Common-wealth is the Common-wealth and the Republick is the Republick.

2. What an excellent Spirit of knowledge is here?

3. Wee'l have no more Bills nor Bonds, but all shall be reduc't to the Score and Tally.

4. No Physick, but what shall be administer'd in a Horn.

5. Wee'l have Priviledges taken off, and all sorts compell'd to pay their Debts.

7. I except against that, I would rather break, than have gentlemen out of my debt; it gives us priviledg of being Sawcy: how are we fain to cringe 'till we have got them into our Books? and then I warrant we can cock up with the best of 'em. I hate mortally to be paid off, it makes a man such a sneaking Rascal.

1. We will have strict and wholsom Laws —

6. Laws, Strict Laws, so will there be no mischief done, and our Profession starve. I'll ha' no Laws.

*Others*, no Laws, no Laws, no Laws.

*Others*, Laws, Laws, Laws.

*They Scuffle.*

1. Hark, *Bullingbrook* approaches, put your selves in posture,  
and

and Sow-gelder, wind me a strong Blast to return their Complement.

*Flourish here.] Enter Bullingbrook with his Army.*

*North.* Behold my Lord an Object strange and suddain,  
The Rabble up in Arms to mock your pow'rs,  
As once the Indian Apes are said to have done  
To *Alexander's Army*.

*Pierc.* Death my Lord.  
Permit me play for once the Scavenger,  
And sweep this Dirt out of your way.

*Bull.* Gently my valiant *Piercy*.  
Rage is the proper weapon of these Bruits,  
With which 'tis odds, they foil us, *Rainston* go to 'em,  
Bespeak 'em fair, and know what caus'd this Tumult.

1. Oh an envoy! know of him his Quality.

4. 'Tis Sir *John Rainston*, I have wrought for him.

1. Down on thy knee; now (because we will observe Decorums of State) rise up Sir *John Drench* and Treat with him.

*Bull.* Hold *Rainston*, we will treat with 'em in person,  
For in their looks I read a sober judgment,  
All carefull to preserve the publick weal,  
Chiefly this awful man, to whose grave Censure  
We do refer the justice of our Arms.

2. Goodly! what a gracious person he is.

*Bull.* I weep for joy, to see so brave a spirit,  
*So jealous of your Liberty and Rights.*  
Trust me my Countrymen, my Friends, my Brothers,  
'Tis worthy of the fame the world affords you,  
And that curst Limb that stirs against your Priviledges,  
Why, let it Rot, tho' it were this right hand.

*All.* A *Bullingbrook!* a *Bullingbrook!* &c.

*Bull.* Mistake not my dear Countrymen our purpose,  
You think perhaps cause we are now arriv'd,  
With formal Arms, in absence of the King,  
That we take this occasion to Usurp,  
Alas we harbour no such foul design.

1. How's that? not usurp? hear ye that Neighbours? he refuses to Usurp.

*Others,* Fall on then, he is not for our turn, down with him.

1. Sir

1. Sir, we shall give you to understand that we want a Usurper, and if you refuse to usurp you are a Traytor, and so we put our selves in Battail array.

*Bull.* Yet hear me — what you mean by Usurpation, I may mistake, and beg to be informd. If it be only to ascend the Throne, To see that justice has a liberal course, In needful Wars to lead you forth to Conquest, And then dismiss you laden home with Spoils; If you mean this, I am at your disposal, And for your profit am content to take The burden of the State upon my hands.

All, A *Bullingbrook*, a *Bullingbrook*, &c.

1. One word of caution Friend, be not Chicken-hearted, but pluck up a Spirit for the work before thee; it was revealed to me that now there should arise a Son of Thunder, a second *Tyler* — and I am resolv'd the vision shall not Lie; therefore I say again pluck up a Spirit; otherwise I shall discharge my Conscience and usurp my Self.

*Bull.* Friends think me not made of such easie phlegm, That I can timely pocket wrongs; if so Why come I thus in Arms to seek my Right? No sirs, to give you proof that *Bullingbrook* Can do bold justice, here stands one Example: This bold presumer that dares call in question, The courage of the Man you choose for King, Shall die for his Offence, Guards hang him up.

1. Why Neighbours will ye thus give up your Light? who shall reveal to ye, to save you from the Poyson of the Whore and the Horns of the Beast.

2. He had no Vision to foretel this, therefore deserves Hanging for being a false Prophet.

*Bull.* Thus as a *Ruler*, justice bids me doom, But for my private part I weep to think That Blood shoud be the Prologue to my Reign.

4. Good Prince he weeps for him! Neighbour *Reckless* depart in peace. For thy honour it will be recorded that *Bullingbrook* was Crown'd and thou hang'd all on a Day.

1. What a spirit of decision has lez'd ye? why thus will this ravenous Storck devour ye all? do ye, deliver ye to the Gibbet, and

let the next turn be yours, thus shall these Nobility Rascals hold you in Slavery, seize your Houses over your heads, hang your Sons and ravish your Daughters.

*All.* Say ye so? they must excuse us for that: fall on Neighbors. A Rescue, a Rescue, &c.

*Bull.* Hold Gentlemen, if I have done ye wrong, The fault is mine and let me suffer for't; But be not thus injurious to your selves, To fling your naked Breasts on our Swords points. Alas it will not be within my Pow'r, To save ye, when my Troops are once enrag'd. Therefore give up this vile Incendiary, Who as you see, to save his miscreant Life, Seeks to expose all yours — trust me I weep To think that I must loose a Member — but Let justice have its course.

*All.* Ay, ay, Let justice have it's course, hang, hang him up. A Bullingbrook, a Bullingbrook, a Bullingbrook, &c.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT the Third.

### SCENE the First.

*Enter King Richard, Aumerle, Carlile, &c. Soldiers.*

*King.* **B**arklay-Castle, call you this at hand?

*Aum.* The same my Lord, how brooks your Grace the Air, After long tossing on the breaking Seas?

*King.* Needs must I like it well, I weep for joy To stand upon my Kingdom once again, Dear Earth I do salute thee with my Hand, Tho' Rebels wound thee with their Horses hoofs, Feed not thy Soy'raigns fast my gentle earth,

*Nor*

Nor with thy fragrant sweets refresh their sense,  
With Thorns and Brambles Choak their Treacherous way ;  
And when they stoop to Rob thee of a Flow'r,  
Guard it I pray thee with a lurking Adder !  
Serpents with Serpents fitly will engage—  
Mock not my senseless Conjurat[i]on Lords,  
This Earth shall have a feeling, and these Stones  
Rise Souldiers Arm'd before their Native King,  
Shall falter under foul Rebellious Arms.

*Carlile.* Doubt not my Lord, the Conduct and the Courage  
With which you have suppress'd one Rebel Crew,  
Will Crown your Temples with fresh Lawrells here ;  
How have we else Employ'd our absent time  
But Practising the way to Victory.

*Aum.* I fear my Lord that we are too remis  
Whilst *Bullingbrook* through our security,  
Strengthens himself in substance and in Friends.

*King.* Desponding Cousin dost thou not consider  
That when the searching Eye of Heav'n is hid,  
Then Thieves and Robbers do securely Range,  
Alarm with Cryes of Murther starting sleep,  
And fill with Out-rages the guilty Shades,  
But when the Day's discov'ring Rays return,  
Firing the proud tops of the Eastern Pines,  
And dart their Lightnings through each Guilty Nook  
Then Murders, Treasons, and detested Crimes,  
Dismantled from the Cloak of Night, stand bare,  
And Tremble at their own Deformity !  
So, when this Thief Night-rev'ling *Bullingbrook*  
Shall see our Beams of Majesty return'd,  
His Treasons shall sit blushing on his Face,  
Not able to endure the sight of Day.

*Carl.* Not all the Waters of th'unfathom'd Sea  
Can wash the Balm from an Anointed King.

*King.* Move we secure then in our Royal Right,  
To th' Traytors Executions, not to Fight.

[*Exeunt.*]

E

SCENE

## SCENE The Second. A Garden.

Queen Dutches of York, and other Ladies.

*Queen.* Our Uncle York's delay brings fresh suspicion,  
That we are Prisoners in a larger Chain;  
Besides I fear that our Intelligence  
Is Smooth'd and Tamper'd ere it reach our Ear.

*Dutch.* Our Servants wear a doubtful Countenance,  
Struck with a gen'ral fear whilst they observe  
Fresh Prodigies start forth with ev'ry Hour.  
The frighted Springs retreat to Earth agen,  
The Seasons change their Courses, as the Year  
Had found some Months asleep and leapt them over.

*Qu.* Here come the Gardiners; let us step aside,  
They'll talk of State, for every one do's so  
Before a Change, and dullest Animals  
Have oft the earliest sense of Alterations.

*Enter Gardiner and Serpant.*

*Gard.* Support those Vines, and Bind those Peaches up,  
Then like an Executioner  
Cut off the Heads of Sprigs that grow too fast,  
And look too lofty in our Commonwealth,  
All must be even in our Government.  
But now we speak of Execution,

2. Are *Bushie Green* and th' Earl of *Wiltshire* Dead?

*Serv.* By *Bullingbrook's* Command they have lost their Heads;  
The King is Landed, but it seems too late  
To Head the Forces rais'd by *Salisbury*  
Who had dispers'd themselves ere he arriv'd.

*Qu.* Then all our fears are true, we are betray'd.

*Dutch.* Patience dear Madam, we may get hear further.

*Serv.* Think you the King will be depos'd?

*Gard.* Deprest he is already, and 'tis fear'd  
His fortune will decline from bad to worse,  
Do what we can, you see our Lawrels wither,  
Our Sun-flowers all are blasted, streams run backward,  
These Prodigies forbode some dreadful change,  
'Tis thought at last the King will be depos'd.

*Queen.*



*Queen.* I'm prest to death with silence—boding Peazant,  
More senseless then the Plants or Earth thou tend'st,  
Darst thou divine the downfall of a King?  
Old *Adams* likeness set to dress this Garden,  
What *Eve*, what Serpent has seduc'd thy soul,  
To prophesie this second fall of Man?

*Gard.* Pardon me Madam, little joy have I  
To breath this News, but fear you'll find 'em true.

*Queen.* Come Ladies, let us post to meet the King,  
This Scrotch-Owl yet amongst his bodingeries,  
Has sung the glad news of the Kings Arrival!  
Which otherwise we were forbid to know;  
Thou fear'st lest *Tork* shou'd meet with *Busbies* Fate,  
Suspend thy Tears, the heavy time may come,  
That thou wilt blush to see thy *Tork* alive;  
If *Richard* fall, 'tis Treason to survive.

*Exeunt*

SCENE the Third. A Heath.

*King, Anmerle, Carlile, Souldiers.*

*King.* Command a halt, we will a while refresh,  
Our sultry March, a cool breez fanns this Air—  
The last expresses we receiv'd from *Wales*,  
Spoke of full 20000 fighting men,  
Did it not Lords?

*Anm.* And some odd Troops besides.

*King.* Nor will our Uncle *Tork* be negligent,  
To muster up what Force he can,  
Sure we shall blush my Lords, at our own strength,  
Heaping such numbers for so just a cause.

*Anm.* Sir, doubt not but the active Foe will find  
Business enough t'employ our outmost Numbers. *Enter Salisbury.*  
I fear me we shall more want Hands than Work.

*King.* See Cousen who comes here, ith' very Minute  
To clear thy doubts, our trusty *Salisbury*.  
Welcome my Lord, how far off lies your Power?

*Sal.* My gracious Lord, no farther off nor nearer  
Then this weak Arm, discomfort guides my tongue;  
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.  
I fear my noble Lord one day too late,

Has clouded all your happy days on earth!  
 O call back yesterday, bid time return,  
 Thou shalt have 20000 Fightingmen,  
 To day to day! one luckless day too late,  
 O' rethrows thy Friends, thy Fortune and thy State;  
 Our Welchmen Miss-inform'd that you were dead,  
 Are gone to *Bullingbrook* disperst and fled.

*Aum.* Comfort my Liege, why looks your Grace so pale?

*King.* But now the blood of 20000 men,  
 Did triumph in my Face and they are fled,  
 Have I not reason think you to look pale?  
 My Fortune like a wife that has arriv'd  
 The hardnes to have once prov'd open false,  
 Will set no Limits to her treach'rys now:  
 But turn to every upstart that will court her,  
 Now all that will be safe fly from my side,  
 For time has set a blast upon my Pride.

*Aum.* My Liege remember who you are,

*King.* I had forgot my self, am I not King?  
 Awake thou sluggard Majesty thou sleep'st!  
 Is not the Kings name 40000 names,  
 Arm, arm my Name! a puny Subject strikes  
 At thy great glory! look not to the ground  
 Ye favourites of a King;

See *Salisbury*, our hasty *Scroop* brings Balm  
 To salve the Wound thy piercing tidings gave.  
 Come on thou trusty Souldier; oh draw near!  
 Thou never shew'dst thy self more seasonably,  
 Not when the flying Battle thou hast turn'd,  
 And from the hands of Conquest forc't the Day.

[Enter *Scroop*.

*Scroop.* More health and happiness befall my Liege,  
 Then my care-burden'd Tongue has to deliver.

*King.* How's that? I charge thee on thy Soul speak comfort.  
 Ha! wilt thou not speak Comfort? then speak Truth.  
 My ear is open and my heart prepar'd,  
 The worst thou canst unfold is worldly loss,  
 Say, is my Kingdom lost? why 'twas my Care;  
 And what loss is it to be rid of Care?  
 Strives *Bullingbrook* to be as great as we?  
 If Heav'n approve his hopes, why let 'em thrive!

Revolt our Subjects? that we cannot mend,  
To Heav'n they first were false and then to us!  
Then give thy heavy heart as heavy speech,  
Cry Woe, Destruction, Ruin, Loss, Decay,  
The worst is Death, and Death will have his Day.

*Scroop.* I'm glad to find your Highness so prepar'd,  
Like a fierce sudden Storm that swells the Floods,  
As if the world were all dissolv'd to Tears,  
So rages *Bullingbrook* above his bounds,  
Cov'ring the fearful Land with clashing Arms;  
Old Sires have bound their hairless Scalps in steel,  
Boys leave their sports and tune their tender Pipes  
To the big voice of War, and strut in Armour;  
The very Beadsmen learn to bend their Bows,  
The very Women throw their Infants by,  
Snatch rusty Bills and flock to the mad War,  
And all goes worse than I have Power to tell.

*King.* Too well, alas, thou tell'st a Tale so Ill!  
Where is the Earl of *Wiltshire*, *Busbie*, *Bagot*?  
That they have let these mischiefs spread so far,  
If we prevail their Heads shall answer for't!  
I warrant they have made peace with *Bullingbrook*.

*Scroop.* Peace have they made with him indeed.

*King.* Oh Villains Vipers, damn'd without redemption!  
Dogs, quickly won to fawn on any Comer,  
Snakes in my Heart's blood warm'd to sting my Heart,  
Wou'd they make Peace? eternal Hell make War  
Upon their spotted souls for this Offence.

*Scroop.* Again uncurse their Souls, their Peace is made  
With Heads and not with Hands, those whom you curse  
Are butcher'd in your Cause, beheaded all  
And with their last breath wisht your Arms success.

*Ann.* Where is the Duke my Father with his Forces?

*King.* No matter where; of Comfort no man speak;  
Let's talk of Graves, of Worms and Epitaphs,  
Make Dust our paper, and with rainy eyes  
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth!  
For Heav'n's sake let's sit upon the ground,  
And tell sad stories of the Death of Kings,  
How some have been depos'd, some slain in War,

Some poyson'd by their Wives, some sleeping kill'd;  
 All murder'd: for within the hollow Crown  
 That rounds the mortal Temples of a King,  
 Keeps death his Court, and there the Antique sits,  
 Scoffing his State, and grinning at his Pomp!  
 Allowing him a short fictitious Scene,  
 To play the Prince, be fear'd, and kill with looks,  
 'Till swell'd with vain conceit the flatter'd thing  
 Believes himself immortal as a God;  
 Then to the train fate's Engineer sets fire,  
 Blows up his pageant Pride and farewell King.  
 Cover your heads and mock not flesh and blood,  
 With solemn reverence, throw away Respect,  
 Obeysance, Form and Ceremonious Duty,  
 For you have but mistook me all this while,  
 I live with bread like you, feel Wants, tast Grief,  
 Therefore am I no King, or a King nothing.

*Ann.* Give to the Foe my Lord, this cold despair,  
 No worse can come of Fight, of Death much better.  
 My Fathers Troops are firm let's joyn with them,  
 And manage wisely that last stake o'th' War,  
 Want's craft can make a body of a limb.

*King.* You chide me well, proud *Bullingbrook* I come, [Rises.  
 To change blows with thee for our day of Doom,  
 This Ague-fit of fear is overblown,  
 An easie task it is to win our own;  
 Say, *Scroop*, where lies our Uncle with his Pow'r?  
 My fir'd heart now longs for the fatal hour.

*Scroop.* Men by the Skies complexion judge the day,  
 So may you by my dull and heavy eye,  
 Find that my tongue brings yet a heavier Tale,  
 I play the Torturer by small and small!  
 Your Uncle *York* treating with *Bullingbrook*,  
 Was seiz'd; by him, and's still kept close Confin'd,  
 So that the strength which he was must'ring up,  
 Is quast and come to nought.

*King.* Thou hast said enough,  
 Beshrew thee Cousin that didst lead me forth  
 Of that sweet I was in to despair!  
 What say ye now? what comfort have ye now?

By Heav'n I'll hate him everlastingly,  
That bids me be of comfort any more!

*Enter Queen, Dutchess, Ladies and Attendants.*

Now by despair my Queen and her fair train!  
Come to congratulate our Victory,  
And claim the triumph we at parting promis'd;  
Go tell 'em Lords, what feats you have perform'd,  
And if ye please tell my adventures too,  
You know I was no Idler in the War.  
Oh! torture, now I feel my miseries sting,  
And this appearance strikes me dead with shame

*Queen.* Welcome my Lord,  
This minute is our own, and I'll devote it all  
To extasie, the Realm receives her King,  
And I my Lover, — thou dost turn away!  
Nor are they tears of joy which thou dost shed,  
I give thee welcome, thou reply'st with sighs!

*King.* What language shall my bankrupt fortunes find,  
To greet such Heavenly excellence as thine?  
I promis'd thee success and bring thee Tears!  
O couldst thou but divorce me from thy Heart!  
But oh! I know thy virtue will undoe thee,  
Thou wilt be still a faithful constant Wife,  
Feel all my Wrongs and suffer in my Fall?  
There is the sting and venom of my Fate,  
When I shall think that I have ruin'd Thee.

*Queen.* I ask no more my Lord, at Fortunes hands  
Then priviledge to suffer for your sake!  
Who wou'd not share your Grief to share your Love?  
This Kingdom yet, which once you did prefer  
To the worlds sway, this Beauty and this Heart  
Is Richards still, millions of Loyal thoughts  
Are always waiting there to pay you homage.  
That glorious Empire yields to you alone,  
No *Bullingbrook* can chafe you from that Throne.

*King.* We'll march no farther, lead to th' Castle here.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE the Fourth. *A Castle.*

Flourish. *Enter Bullingbrook, York, Northumberland, Piercy, Willoughby, &c.*

*North.* The News is very fair and good My Lord,  
*Richard* within this Fort has hid his head.

*York.* It would become the Lord *Northumberland*  
To say King *Richard*, that so good a King  
Should be compell'd to hide a sacred Head,  
And Thou have leave to shew a Villains Face!

*Bull.* Mistake not Uncle farther then you shoud.

*York.* Talk not thou Traytor farther then thou shoud'st.

[*Enter Ros.*

*Bull.* What say'st thou *Ros*? will not this Castle yield?

*Ros.* My Lord the Castle Royally is man'd  
Against your entrance, for the King and Queen  
But newly are arriv'd and enter'd there,  
With them the Lord *Annerle*, Lord *Salisbury*,  
Sir *Stephen Scroop*, besides a Clergy-man  
Of holy rev'rence, whom I cannot learn.

*North.* I know him, 'tis the Bishop of *Carlile*.

*Bull.* Go *Northumberland*, through the ribs of this Castle,  
With brazen Trumpets sound the breath of Parle,  
Say thus — that *Bullingbrook* upon his knees  
Kisses King *Richards* hands with true allegiance,  
And that with thoughts of Peace he's hither come.  
Ev'n at his feet to lay his Arms and Pow'r,  
Provided his Revenues be restor'd,  
His Banishment repeal'd; let this be granted  
Or else he'll use th' advantage of his Power,  
And lay the Summers Dust with show'rs of Blood: —

*Enter King above Annerle, Carlile, &c.*

But see where on the walls he do's appear,  
As do's the blushing discontented Sun,  
When envious Clouds combine to shade his Glory.

*York.* O my dear Liege, Heav'n guard your Majesty,  
'Fore Heav'n, my old heart leaps at sight of you,  
Think not that falsly I gave up your Pow'r,  
If any Villain of 'em dares to say it,



I'll call that Villain Liar to his teeth,  
He is a Rogue, tho' it be *Bullingbrook* !  
Lo, here I kneel, and pay thee Homage as a true  
Subject shou'd before the Rebels Faces.

*King.* Rise *York*, I know thy truth, and pity thee.  
We are amaz'd, and thus long have we stood  
To watch the fearful bending of his knee ;  
Because We thought Our Self his lawful King.  
Tell *Bullingbrook*, for yond' methinks is he,  
That every stride he makes upon Our Land  
Is dangerous Treason ; He is come t' unfold  
The purple Testament of bleeding War :  
But e're the Crown he seeks shall bind his Brow,  
A thousand Orphan'd Widowed Mothers Tears  
Shall wash from Earth their Sons and Husbands Blood.

*North.* Heaven forbid our Lord the King  
Shou'd thus with civil Arms be rust upon ;  
Lord *Bullingbrook* does humbly kiss your Hand,  
And swears his coming hither has no other scope  
Then to demand his Royalties, and beg  
Enfranchisement from Exile ; grant but this,  
His Glitt'ring Arms he will commend to Rust.

*King.* *Northumberland* say thus, — The King complies  
With his Demands ; and so commend us to him.  
We dodebase Our Self Cousin, do we not,  
To look so peaceful and to speak so fair ?  
Shall we call back *Northumberland*, and send  
Defiance to the Traytor's Heart, and Die.

*Aum.* No, good my Lord, let's fight with gentle words,  
Till time lend Friends, and Friends their conquering Swords.

*King.* That ere this power-chang'd Tongue  
That laid the Sentence of dread Banishment  
On yond proud Man, shou'd take it off agen.  
O that I were as great  
As is my Grief, or lesser than my Name !  
That I could quite forget what I have been,  
Or not remember what I must be now.

*Aum.* *Northumberland* comes back from *Bullingbrook*.

*King.* What must the King do now ? Must he forgo  
The Name of *King* ? O God's Name let it pass,

I'll give my Jewels for a set of Beads;  
 My gilded Palace for a Hermitage,  
 My Robes of Empire for an Alms-man's Gown,  
 My figur'd Goblets for a Dish of Wood,  
 My Scepter for an humble Palmers Staff,  
 My Subjects for a pair of Poor Carv'd Saints,  
 And my large Kingdom for a little Grave,  
 A little, very little obscure Grave!

*Aumarle*, Thou weep'st, my tender hearted Cousin,  
 Wee'll joyn our Royal with thy Loyal Tears,  
 Our sighs and they shall lodge the Summer Corn  
 And make a Dearth in this revolting Land.

*North*. My Lord he thanks your Highness and begs leave  
 To speak with you, Sir please you to come down:  
 Hee'll wait your Majesty ith' Court below.

*King*. Down, down, I come like Blazing *Phaeton*,  
 Wanting the Menage of unruly Steeds,  
 Down pomp, down swelling stubborn Heart, down King,  
 For Night-Owls shriek where Mounting Larks should sing.

[*Exeunt from above.*]

*Re-enter Bullingbrook and his Company in the Court.*

*Bul.* *Northumberland* to *London*, with all speed,  
 Summon a *Parliament* ith' Commons Name,  
 In Order to the Kings Appearance there;  
 But see — his Highness comes, stand all apart  
 And shew fair Duty to his Majesty.

[*Enter King  
 attended.*].

*York runs over to the King, kneels and kisses his Hand.*

*York*. Now lest the Rebels seize me if they can,  
 For here I'll perish by my Sovereign's side.

*King*. Fy Cousin, you debase your princely Knee  
 And make our Earth too proud with Kissing it;  
 Methinks my Heart had rather feel your Love,  
 Then thus in Eye behold the Courtesie:  
 Up Cousen, up—Your Heart is up, I know.

*Bul.* My gracious Lord I come but for my own.

*King*. And to that Title who must set the Bounds:

*Bul.* Nor even to that do I lay farther claim,  
Than my true Service shall deserve your Love.

*King.* Well you deserve, they best deserve to have;  
That know the strongest surest way to get;  
But Heav'n rules all — good Uncle dry your Tears —  
Cousin I am to young to be your Father  
Tho' you are Old enuff to be my Heir!  
Methinks one Person's wanting yet  
To this fair Presence, our Old Loyal *Gaunt*,  
He was thy Father *Herford*, was he not?  
Excuse me Cousin, Tears but ill become  
A King, at least when Friends and Kinsmen meet,  
And yet I cannot chuse but weep to think,  
That whilst you press and I permit this Scorn;  
What Plagues we heap on Children yet unborn.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

*Enter York, Aumarle in their Parliament Robes, Two  
Messengers from Bullingbrook.*

*York.* **T**Ut, tut, tut, tell not me of Patience, 'tis a Load a  
Burden that Knaves will never cease to lay on  
whilst Asses will carry it! nothing but Villany  
in this versal World, and nothing plagues me  
but that I can't turn Villain too, to be Reveng'd.

*Aum.* Perfidious *Bullingbrook* to bow the knee,  
And do Obeysance to our Royal Master;  
To treat of Peace and tend him all the way  
With duteous Ceremony humblest Service,  
Yet basely to confine him after all,  
To call a Senate in King *Richard's* Name  
Against King *Richard*, to depose King *Richard*,  
Is such a Monster of curst usurpation,  
As nere was practis'd in the barb'rous Climes,  
Where Subject her'd and Courts themselves are Savage.

*York*, Out on this Sultry Robe ! O Spleen ! Spleen ! -- Fat and Vexation will be the Death of me, — Behold this Brace Of Raizor-nos'd Rascals, you'd swear that a split Groat made both their Faces ; lean Pimps , That cou'd scarce stop a Cranny in a Door : Why ? they are forsooth no leis than Rogues of State.

*Mess*. My Lord, this is no Answer to our Message.

*York*, I, the Message ! I had rather you had brought me — Poyson ; for certain 'twas sent to be the Death of me : Thou know'st Boy, on what Account we are going this Morning. Wou'd you think it, this Traytor *Bullingbrook* has sent for me ; for me, I say, sent by these Rogues for me, to confer with him in private before the House sits.

*Aum*. That was indeed provoking.

*York*. Nay, let honest men judge if Murder was not in his heart, and that he thought the Message wou'd make me Die with Choller. — Now should I clap this pair of Arrows to a Bow-string and shoot 'em back to the Usurper. — Go tell the Knave your Master, He's a Fool to send for me, I renounce him : Speak with him in private before the House sits. Why ? I wou'd not meet him there but to shew my self for *Richard*, and then tell him he'll see one that that hates a Traytor, be *Bullingbrook* what he will.

[Exit.

Enter Dutcheffs of York.

*Dutch*. *Aumarle*, come back, by all the Charms of Duty, I do conjure you temper your rash Father, His Zeal can do th' abandoned King no good ; But will provoke th' usurper to our ruin.

*Aum*. Already, I have prest beyond his Patience, What can our poor Endeavours help the King When he himself comply's with his hard fortune ; He comes this Morning to Resign the Crown.

*Dutch*. Where then is that amazing Resolution ; That in his Non-age fir'd his Youthful Brest : To face Rebellion and strike dead the Monster, When *Tyler's* Deluge cover'd all the Land : Or where the fury that suppress the Kerns ; Whilst numbers perisht by his Royal Arm :

*Aum*.

*Aum.* With such Malignant fortune he is prest ;  
As renders bravest Resolution vain ;  
By force and fraud reduc't to that Distress,  
That ev'n ith' best opinion of his Friends  
He is advis'd to yield his Scepter up ,  
This poor reserve being all , to make that seem  
As voluntary , which perforce must be ;  
But how relents the *Queen* this strange Oppression ?

*Dutch.* As yet the worst has been dissembled to her ,  
A slumber now has seiz'd her wakeful Lids :  
But heere she comes, I must attend, Away.

[*Ex. Aum.*

*Enter Queen supported by Ladies.*

*Qu.* Convey me to my Lord, or bring him hither ,  
Fate labours in my Brest and frights my Dreams ;  
No sooner sleep can seize my weeping Eyes ,  
But boding Images of Death and Horrour  
Affright the Infant slumber into Cries ,  
A Thousand forms of ruin strike my thoughts ;  
A Thousand various Scenes of Fate are shewn ,  
Which in their sad Catastrophe agree ,  
The Moral still concludes in *Richard's* fall.

*Dutch.* How shall we now dare to inform her Grief  
Of the sad Scene the King must Act to day ?

*Qu.* Ev'n now amidst a *Chaos* of distraction ,  
A Towing Eagle wing'd his cloudy way ,  
Pursu'd by rav'nous Kites, and clamorous Daws ,  
That stript th' imperial Bird of all his Plumes ,  
And with their Numbers sunk him to the ground :  
But as I nearer drew, the Figure chang'd ,  
My *Richard* there lay weltring in his gore !  
So dreamt *Calphurnia* , and so fell *Cæsar*.

*Enter a Lady.*

*Lad.* Madam, the King is coming.

*Qu.* Thou bring'st a welcom hearing , and already  
I feel his powerful influence chase my tears ,  
For grief it self must smile when *Richard's* by.

*Enter King in Mourning.*

Oh Heav'n is this? is this my promis'd joy !  
Not all the terrors of my sleep presented

A Spectacle like this! O speak, my Lord!  
 The Blood starts back to my cold Heart; O speak!  
 What means this dark and mournful Pageantry,  
 This pomp of Death?

*King.* Command your Waiters forth,  
 My space is short, and I have much to say.

*Qu.* Are these the Robes of State? Th' imperial Garb,  
 In which the King should go to meet his Senate?  
 Was I not made to hope this Day shou'd be  
 Your second Coronation, second Birth  
 Of Empire, when our Civil Broils shou'd sleep,  
 For ever hush'd in deep Oblivion's Grave?

*King.* O *Isabel!* This Pageantry suits best  
 With the black Day's more black Solemnity;  
 But 'tis not worth a Tear, for, say what part  
 Of Life's vain Fable can deserve a Tear,  
 A real Sorrow for a feign'd Distress!  
 My Coronation was (methinks) a Dream,  
 Think then my Resignation is no more.

*Qu.* What Resignation? Mean you of the Crown?  
 Will *Richard* then against himself conspire?  
 Th' Usurper will have more excuse than he:  
 No, *Richard*, never tamely yield your Honours,  
 Yield me; yield if you must your precious Life,  
 But seize the Crown, and grasp your Scepter dying.

*King.* Why dost thou fret a Lyon in the Toil  
 To Rage, that only makes his Hunters sport?  
 Permit me briefly to recount the steps,  
 By which my Fortune grew to this distress.  
 Then tell me, what cou'd *Alexander* do  
 Against a Fate so obstinate as mine.

*Qu.* Oh Heav'n! Is awful Majesty no more?

*King.* First, had I not bin absent when th' Invader  
 Set footing here; or if being then in *Ireland*,  
 The cross Winds not forbad the News to reach me;  
 Or when the shocking Tidings were arriv'd,  
 Had not the veering Winds agen obstructed  
 My passage back, till rumour of my Death  
 Dispers'd the Forces rais'd by *Salisbury*;  
 Or when these hopes were perisht, had not *Baggot*,



*Bushie*, and *Green*, by *Bullingbrook* been murder'd,  
 Old *Rork* himself (our last reserve) surpriz'd,  
 There were some scope for Resolution left.  
 But what curst Accident i'th' power of Chance,  
 That did not then befall to cross my Wishes;  
 And what strange hit could *Bullingbrook*, desire,  
 That fell not out to push his Fortunes on;  
 Whatever outmost Fate cou'd do to blast  
 My hopes was done; what outmost Fate cou'd do  
 T'advance proud *Bullingbrooks* as sure befell.  
 Now which of these Misfortunes was my fault?  
 Or what cou'd I against resisting Heav'n!

*Qu.* Oh my dear Lord, think not I meant t'upbraid [weeps o-  
ver him.]  
 Your Misery —

Death seize my Youth, when any other passion  
 For injur'd *Richard* in my Breasts finds room,  
 But tenderest Love and Pity of his Woes.

*King.* That I resign the Crown with seeming will,  
 Is now the best my Friends can counsel me,  
 Th' usurping House decrees it must be done,  
 And therefore best that it seem Voluntary.

*Qu.* Has Loyalty so quite renounc't the World,  
 That none will yet strike for an injur'd King?

*King.* Alas! my sinking Barque shall wreck no more  
 My gen'rous Friends, let Crowns and Scepters go  
 Before I swim to 'em in Subjects blood.  
 The King in pity to his Subjects quits  
 His Right, that have no pity for their King!  
 Let me be blest with cool Retreat and thee,  
 Thou World of Beauty, and thou Heav'n of Love,  
 To *Bullingbrook* I yield the Toils of State:  
 And may the Crown sit lighter on his Head  
 Than e're it did on *Richard's*.

*Qu.* Destiny  
 Is Tyrant over King's; Heav'n guard my Lord.

*King.* Weep not my Love, each Tear thou shedst is Theft,  
 For know, thou robb'st the great ones of their due;  
 Of Pomp divested we shou'd now put off,  
 It's dull Companion Grief — Farewel my Love:  
 Thy *Richard* shall return to thee again,  
 The King no more.

*Qu.* In

*Qu.* In spite of me, my sorrow  
In sad Prophetic Language do's reply  
Nor *Richard*, nor the King.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

## SCENE the Parliament.

*Bullingbrook*, *Northumb.* *Piercie*, *York*, *Aumarle*, *Carlile*,  
with other Nobles and Officers making a full House.

*North.* Great Duke of *Lancaster*, I come to thee  
From *Richard*, who with free and willing Soul  
Adopts thee Heir, and his high Scepter yields  
To the possession of thy Royal Hand;  
Ascend his Throne descending now from him,  
And long live *Henry* of that Name the Fourth.

*Bull.* *Richard* Consents, and Lords I have your Voices;  
In Heav'n's Name therefore I ascend the Throne.

*Carl.* No, hasty *Bullingbrook*, in Heav'n's Name stay,  
Tho' meanest of this Presence, yet I'll speak  
A Truth that do's beseem me best to speak,  
And wou'd to God, the noblest of this presence  
Were enuff noble to be *Richard's* Judge:  
What subject can give sentence on his King!  
And who sits here that is not *Richard's* Subject?  
Theeves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,  
Th' indictment read, and Answer to their Charge,  
And shall the Figure of Heav'n's Majesty,  
His Captain, Steward, Deputy, Elect,  
Anointed, Crown'd and planted many years,  
Be judg'd by Subject and inferiour Breath,  
And he not present! o' forbid it God!  
That in a Christian Climate Souls refin'd,  
Shou'd Plot so heinous black obscene a deed;  
I speak to Subjects, and a Subject speaks,  
Stir'd up by Heaven thus boldly for his King.

*York.* Now by my Life, I thank thee honest Prelate,  
My Lords what say ye to the Bishops Doctrine,  
Is't not Heavenly true? you know it is;  
Nor can ev'n graceless *Herford's* self gain say't.

## King Richard the Second.

41

*Carl.* My Lord of *Hereford* here whom you call King,  
Is a foul Traytor to proud *Herford's* King,  
And if you Crown him, let me prophesie,  
The blood of *English* shall manure the Land,  
And future Ages groan for this foul Deed :  
And if you rear this House against its self,  
It will the wofullest Division prove  
That ever yet befell this guilty Earth.  
Prevent, resist it, stop this breach in Time  
Lest Childrens Children, curse you for this Crime.

*North.* Well have you argu'd, Sir, and for your pains  
Of Capital Treason we Arrest you here ;  
My Lord of *Westminster*, be it your care  
To keep him safely till his Day of Tryal.  
Will't please you Lords to grant the Common's Suit :

*York.* First let me move and yield some Knave a Seat.

*Bull.* Bring hither *Richard*, that in open view  
He may surrender so shall we proceed  
Without suspicion.

*King Richard brought in.*

*King.* Alack why am I sent for to the King ,  
Before I have shook off the Regal thoughts  
With which I Reign'd — as yet I have not learnt  
T' insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend the Knee ,  
Give sorrow leave a while to tutor me  
To this submission — Yet I well remember  
The favours these Men ! were they not mine ?  
To do what service am I sent for hither ?

*North.* To do that Office of your own good will ,  
Which weary'd Majesty did prompt thee to  
The Resignation of thy Crown and State  
To *Henry Bullingbrook*.

*King.* My own good Will :  
Yes, Heav'n and you know with what sort of Will !  
You say it is my Will : why be it so ,  
Give me the Crown — come Cousin seize the Crown  
Upon this side my Hand , on that side thine.  
Now is this Crown a Well wherein two Vessels  
That in successive Motion rise and fall ,

The emprier ever dancing in the Air,  
 Th' opprest one down, unseen and sunk, that Vessel  
 Dejected, prest and full of Tears am I,  
 Drinking my Griefs whilst *Herford* mounts on high.

*Bull.* I thought you had been willing to Resign.

*King.* My Crown I am, but still my Griefs are mine.

*Bull.* Are you contented to Resign or no?

*King.* Yes — No — yet let it pass,  
 From off my Head I give this heavy weight,  
 And this unwieldy Scepter from my Hand;  
 So with my Tears I wash my Balm away,  
 With my own breath release all duteous Oaths,  
 My Pomp and Majesty for ever quit,  
 My mannors, Rents, Revenues I forego,  
 My Acts, Decrees and Statutes I repeal,  
 Heav'n pardon all Oaths that are broke to me,  
 Heav'n keep unbroke all Vows are made to thee  
 Make me that nothing have, to covet nought,  
 And thee posselt of all that all hast sought:  
 What more remains?

*North.* No more, but that you read  
 This Bill of Accusations charg'd upon your Crimes.

*King.* Distraction! made my own accuser too.  
 To read a bead-roll of my own defaults,  
 Read it my self? by piece-meal to unrael  
 My weav'd-up follies? why, *Northumberland*,  
 If thy Offences were upon Record,  
 Wou'd it not shame thee in so full a Presence  
 To read a Lecture of 'em? if thou shou'dst,  
 There wou'dst thou find one heynous Article,  
 Containing the deposing of a King:  
 And cracking the strong warrant of an Oath,  
 Markt with a blot damn'd in the book of Heav'n,  
 Nay all of you that stand and look upon me,  
 Waiting to see my Misery bait it self;  
 Like *Pilates* have betray'd me to my Cross,  
 And water cannot wash away your sin.

*North.* My Lord dispatch, read ore the Articles.

*King.* My Eyes are full of Tears! I cannot see.

*North.* My Lord —

*King.* No Lord of thine thou false insulting Man;  
Nor no Man's Lord — I have no Name, no Title;  
Let me Command a Mirrour hither streight,  
That it may shew me what a Face I have  
Since stript and Bankrupt of it's Majesty.

*Bul.* Fetch him a Glafs.

*North.* In the mean time read o're this Paper.

*King.* Hell! — for a Charm to lay  
This foul Tormenting Fiend.

*Bul.* Urge it no more *Northumberland.*

*Nor.* The Commons Sir will not be satisf'd,  
Unless he Read, Confels, and Sign it too.

*King.* They shall be satisf'd, I'll Read enuff  
When I shall see the very Book indeed  
Where all my faults are writ, and that's my Self,  
Give me that Mirrour —

*[Views himself  
in the Glafs.]*

No deeper wrinkles yet? has Sorrow struck  
So many many blows upon these Cheeks and made  
No deeper wounds? — O' flattering Instrument,  
Like to my followers in prosperity,  
So shall just Fate dash them as I dash thee:

*[Breaks it.]*

So Pomp and Fals-hood ends — I'll beg one Boon,  
Then take my leave and trouble you no more,  
Shall I obtain it?

*Bul.* Name it fair Cousin.

*King.* Fair Cousin? — I am greater than a King!  
For when I was a King my Flatterers  
Were then but Subjects, being now a Subject  
I have a King here for my Flaterer.  
'Tis onely leave to go.

*Bul.* Whether?

*King.* Why, from your sight and then no matter where

*Bul.* Convey him to the Tower.

*King.* Ha! ha! my fortune's Malice now  
Is grown so strange that 'tis become my sport;  
Convey, Convey, Conveighers are you all  
That rise thus nimbly on your Monarchs fall.

*Bul.* Lords, I shall study to requite your Favours:  
On *wednesday* next we Solemnly set down  
Our Coronation, so prepare your selves.

*All.* Long live King *Bullingbrook*, *Henry* the Fourth:  
*York.* Well, my Allegiance follows still the Crown,  
 True to the King I shall be, and thereon.  
 I kiss his Hand; 'tis equally as true.  
 That I shall always Love and Guard the King,  
 As that I always shall hate *Bullingbrook*.  
 The King's Sacred, be *Herford*: what he will.  
 Yet 'tis no Treason sure to pity *Richard*.

*Bul.* Break up the Assembly, so wee'll pass in state  
 To greet the Loves of our expecting Subjects,  
 Lead there and bid our Trumpets speak.

*Ex. Bullingbrook attended; shouts without.*

*York.* Peace Hell-hounds or your own breath Poyson ye.

*King.* Good Uncle give 'em way, all Monsters Act  
 To their own kind, so do the Multitude.

*Shout again.*

*Carl.* Why impious hardned wretches, Brands for Hell:  
 Forbear this barb'rous Out-rage, Tears of Blood  
 Can never wash this Monstrous Guilt away.

*King.* What must I then preach Patience to my Priest:  
 Let no Man's wrongs complain whilst mine are silent,  
 How think ye my good Friends, will not  
 Succeeding Ages call this Day to witness,  
 What Changes sway the World; your King must pass.  
 A Spectacle of scorn through crouded streets,  
 That at the same time view th' usurpers Triumph;  
 Heav'n shut thy Eye till this dire Scene be past,  
 The light that sees it, sure will be the last.

*Ex. Guarded.*



A C T V.

*Enter Dutchess and Aumarle.*

*Dutch.*

**A**T that sad passage Tears broke off your Story,  
Where rude misgovern'd Hands from Windows threw

Rank weeds and rubbish on King *Richard's* Head.

*Aum.* Then as I said, the haughty *Bullingbrook*.

Mounted upon an hot and fiery Steed,  
Which his aspiring Rider seem'd to know,  
With slow but stately pace kept on his Course;  
Whilst all Tongues cry'd, *God save King Bullingbrook!*  
You wou'd have thought the very Windows spoke,  
So many greedy looks of young and old,  
Through Casements darts their desiring Eyes:  
You wou'd have thought the very Walls themselves,  
With all their painted Imag'ry, had cry'd,  
*Hail to the King, all Hail to Bullingbrook!*  
Whilst bending lower than his Coursers neck,  
The Rabble he saluted on each side;  
Thus praising and thus prais'd he past along.

*Dutch.* Alas, poor *Richard!* where rides he the while?

*Aum.* As in the Theatre the Eyes of Men,  
After a well-grac'd Actor leaves the Stage,  
Are idly bent on him that enters next,  
With such contempt they turn'd their Eyes from *Richard*,  
No joyful Tongue gave him his welcome home;  
But Dust was thrown upon his sacred Head,  
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,  
His Face still combating with Smiles and Fears,  
(The Badges of his Grief and Patience)  
That had not Heav'n for some strange purpose steel'd  
The Hearts of Men, they must of force relented,  
And Cruelty it self have pity'd him.

*Enter*

## The History of

Enter York.

*York.* What, in Tears still? Well, Heav'n's will must be — mark me Boy, I cannot blame thy grieving for *Richard*, because I do it my self; neither can I blame thee for not loving *Bullingbrook*, because I cannot do it my self: But to be true to him (or rather to our Oath, being now his sworn Subjects) I conjure thee. This I speak, because the King suspects thee, and made me even now pledge for thy truth and fealty: Bear you well therefore in this new Spring of Government, lest you be cropt before your time — Well, what News from *Oxford* Boy? Hold th' intended Triumphs there? 'Tis said our new King will grace them with his Presence.

*Aum.* They hold, my Lord, for certain — and as certain This upstart King shall die if he comes there.

*York.* Ha! come nearer, what Seal is that which hangs out from thy Bosom? Ha! lookst thou pale? Let me see the writing.

*Aum.* I do beseech your Grace to pardon me;

It is a matter of small consequence,  
Which for some reasons I wou'd not have seen.

*York.* Which for some reasons! Sir I mean to see, [*Snatches it.*]  
Just as I fear'd, Treason, foul Treason, Villain Traytor.

*Dutch.* What's the matter my Lord, good *York* inform me!

*York.* Away fond Woman, give me my Boots, saddle my Horse.

*Dutch.* The matter, Son.

*Aum.* Good Madam, be content.

It is no more than my poor Life must Answer.

*Dutch.* Thy Life!

[*Servant enters.*]

Hence Villain, strike him *Anmarle*.

*York.* My Boots I say, I will away to th' King.

*Dutch.* Why *York*, what wilt thou do?

Wilt thou not hide the Trespas of thine own?

*York.* Peace Woman, or I will impeach thee too;

Wou'dst thou conceal this dark Conspiracy?

A dozen of 'em here have tane the Sacrament,

And interchangeably set down their Hands

To kill the King at *Oxford*.

*Dutch.* He shall be none;

We'll keep him here, then what's that to him?

*York.* Tho' I love not *Bullingbrook*, yet I hate Treason, and will impeach the Villain.

*Dutch.*

*Dutch.* Our Son, our only Son, our Ages comfort;  
Is he not thine own?

*York.* Wife, I believe it, therefore I impeach him; were  
he none of mine, let his own Father look to him; but since  
he is my Villain, I'll see the Villain orderd: My Horse, I say.

*Dutch.* Hadst thou groan'd for him, *York*, as I have done —

*York.* And art e'en like to groan for him again. Away, [Exit.

*Dutch.* Haste thee *Aumarle*, mount thee upon his Horse;  
Spur post, and get before him to the King,  
And beg thy pardon e're he come t' accule thee:  
Born on the wings of Mother's love I'll fly,  
And doubt not to prevent thy Father's speed;  
On thy behalf I'll with the King prevail,  
Or root into the ground whereon I kneel.

[Exit.

SCENE the Second.

Enter QUEEN in Mourning attended.

*Qu.* This way the King will come, this is the way  
To *Julius Cesar's* ill erected Tow'r,  
To whose flint Bosom my dear injur'd Lord  
Is deem'd a Pris'ner by proud *Bullingbrook*!  
Here let us rest, if this rebellious Earth  
Have any resting for her true King's Queen. [Sits down.  
This Garb no leis befits our present state,  
Than richest Tissue did our Bridal day;  
Thus dead in Honour, my Lord and I  
Officiate at our own sad Funeral.

Enter King Richard guarded, seeing the Queen, starts, she  
at the sight of him, after a pause he speaks.

*King.* Give grief a Tongue, art thou not *Isabel*,  
The faithful Wife of the unfortunate *Richard*?

*Qu.* O! can I speak and live? Yet silence gives  
More tort'ring Death! O thou King *Richard's* Tomb,  
And not King *Richard*! — On thy sacred Face  
I see the shameful Marks of fowlest usage;  
Thy Royal Cheeks soil'd and besmear'd with Dust,  
Foul Rubbish lodg'd in thy anointed Locks;  
O thou dishonour'd Flower of Majesty!

Lean on my Breast whilst I dissolve to Dew;  
And wash thee fair agen with Tears of Love.

*King.* Join not with Grief fair Innocence  
To make my end more wretched, learn dear Saint  
To think our former State a happy Dream,  
From which we wake into this true distress!  
Thou most distressed, most Virtuous of thy sex,  
Go Cloyster thee in some Religious house,  
This vicious World and I can nere deserve thee!  
For Shrines and Altars keep keep those precious Tears,  
Nor shed that heav'nly Dew on Land accurst.

*Lad.* Never did sorrow triumph thus before.

*King.* Convey thee hence to *France*,  
Think I am Dead, and that ev'n now thou tak'st  
As from my Death-bed the last living leave.  
In Winters tedious Nights sit by the fire,  
With good Old Matrons, let them tell thee Tales  
Of woful Ages long ago betide,  
And ere thou bid good Night, to quit their Grievs,  
Tell thou the lamentable fall of Me!  
And send the Hearers weeping to their Beds.

*Qu.* Rob not my Virtue of its dearest Triumph!  
Love like the Dolphin shews it self in storms:  
This is the Season for my Truth to prove,  
That I was worthy to be *Richards's* Wife!  
And wou'd you now command me from your Presence;  
Who then shall lull your raging Grievs asleep,  
And wing the hours of dull Imprisonment?

*King.* O my afflicted Heart!

*Qu.* No, with my Lord i'll be a Pris'ner too,  
Where my officious Love shall serve him with  
Such ready care, that he shall think he has  
His num'rous Train of waiters round him still;  
With wond'rous Story's wee'll beguile the day;  
Despise the World and Triumph over fortune,  
Laugh at fantastic life and die together.

*King.* Now Heaven I thank thee, all my Grievs are paid!  
I've lost a single frail uncertain Crown,  
And found a Virtue Richer than the World:  
Yes, Bird of Paradise, wee'll pearch together,  
Sing in our Cage, and make our Cell a Grove.

*Enter Northumberland, Guards.*

*North.* My Lord, King *Bullingbrook* has chang'd his Orders,  
You must to *Pomfrett* Castle, not to th' *Tower*;  
And for you, Madam, he has given Command  
That you be instantly convey'd to *France*.

*King.* Must I to *Pomfrett*, and my *Queen* to *France*?  
Patience is stale, and I am weary on't,  
Blood, Fire, rank Leprosies and blewest Plagues—

*Qu.* But This was wanting to compleat our Woe.

*King.* *Northumberland* Thou Ladder by whose Aid  
The mounting *Bullingbrook* ascends my Throne,  
The Time shall come when foul Sin gath'ring Head  
Shall break in to Corruption, Thou shalt think,  
Thò he divide the Realm and give thee half,  
It is too little, helping him to All:  
He too sha'l think that thou which knewst the Way  
To plant unrightful Kings, wilt know agen  
To cast him from the Throne he has Ulurpt:  
The Love of wicked Friends converts to Fear,  
That Fear to Hate, that still concludes in Death.

*North.* My guilt be on my head, so to our business.  
Take leave and part.

*King.* Doubly Divorc't! foul Fiends ye violate  
A two-fold Marriage, 'twixt my Crown and me,  
And then betwixt me and my tender Wife;  
Oh *Isabel*, oh my unfortunate Fair,  
Let me unkiss the Oath that bound our Loves,  
And yet not so, for with a Kiss 'twas made.  
Part us *Northumberland*, me towards the *North*  
Where shiv'ring Cold and Sicknefs pines the Clime;  
My *Queen* to *France*, from whence set forth in Pomp  
She hither came, deckt like the blooming *May*,  
Sent back like weeping Winter stript and Bare.

*Qu.* For ever will I clasp these sacred Knees,  
Tear up my Brest and bind them to my Heart!  
*Northumberland* allow me one short minute  
To yield my Life and Woes in one Embrace,  
One Minute will suffice.

*North.* Force her away.

H

*King.*

*King.* Permit yet once our Death-cold Lips to joyn,  
 Permit a Kiss that must Divorce for ever,  
 I'll ravish yet one more, farewell my Love!  
 My Royal Constant Dear farewell for ever!  
 Give Sorrow Speech, and let thy Farewell come,  
 Mine speaks the Voice of Death, but Thine is Dumb.

*Ex. Guarded several Ways.*

SCENE the Third.

*Bull.* Can no man tell of my ungracious Son,  
 My Young misgovern'd and licentious *Harry*?  
 If any Plague hang over us 'tis He!  
 Enquire amongst the Taverns where he haunts  
 With loose Companions, such as beat Our Watch  
 And rob Our Passengers, which he rash Boy  
 Mistakes for Feats of Gallantry and Honour.

*Pierc.* My Lord, some two days since I saw the Prince,  
 And told him of those Turnaments at *Oxford*.

*Bull.* And what said the Gallant?

*Pierc.* His Answer was, He wou'd to a Brothell  
 And from the common'st Creature snatch a Glove,  
 To wear it as a Mistress favour, and  
 With that unhorse the lustiest Challenger.

*Bull.* As dissolute as desperate.

*Enter Aumarl.*

*Aum.* Where's the King?

*Bull.* What means our Cousin that he looks so wildly?

*Aum.* My Lord, I humbly beg the favour of a word in private  
 with your Majesty.

*King.* Withdraw my Lords; now Cousin to your business.

*Aum.* For ever may my knees root to this Earth,  
 And let Eternal silence bind my Tongue,  
 Unless you pardon e're I rise or speak.

*Bull.* Intended or committed was this fault?  
 If but the first, how heynous e're it be,  
 To win thy future Love I pardon Thee.

*Aum.* Then Sir, permit me to make fast the door;  
 That no man Enter e're my Tale be done.

*Bull.* Have thy Desire.

*York within.*

*York.*



*York.* Beware my Liege, look to thy Life, thou hast a Traytor in thy Presence.

*Bull.* Ha ! Villain I'll secure Thee.

*Aum.* Stay thy revengeful Hand, Thou hast no cause to fear.

*York.* Open the Door, or I will force my Passage.

*Bull.* The Matter, Uncle, speak, recover Breath.

*York.* Peruse this Writing and read there my Bus'ness.

*Aum.* Remember as thou read'st thy promise past,  
I do repent me, read not my Name There,  
My Heart is not Confederate with my Hand.

*York.* 'Twas Villain when thy Hand did set it down,  
I tore it from the Traytors Bosom, King,  
Pardon the Villain, do, and in Return be Murder'd.

*Bull.* O heynous black Conspiracy ! Why Uncle can  
This Kindness come from Thee ? Let me Embrace Thee.

*York.* Embrace not me, It was no Kindness, I owe thee no kind-  
It was my Love to Truth, and Hate to Murder. (ness,

*Bull.* Give it what Name thou wilt, it shall excuse  
This deadly blott in thy transgressing Son.

*York.* So shall my Virtue be his Vices Bawd :  
Thou kill'st me if he live, sparing his Life  
The Traytor scapes, the True Man's put to Death.

*Dutcheſs within.*

*Dutch.* What hoa my Liege, for Heav'n's sake let me in,  
Speak with me, pity me, Open the Door.

*Bull.* My dang'rous Cousin let your Mother in,  
I know she's come to Entreat for you.

*York.* If thou doſt pardon whoſoever prays,  
Thy Mercy makes thee Traytor to thy ſelf.

*Dutch.* O King believe not this hard-hearted Man.

*York.* Thou frantick Woman what makes thee here ?  
Wilt thou once more a Traytor nourish ?

*Dutch.* Dear *York* be patient, hear me gentle Liege.

*Bull.* Riſe up good Aunt.

*Dutch.* No, never more I'll riſe,  
'Till thou uncharm me from the Ground with ſounds  
Of Pardon to my poor transgreſſing Son.

*Aum.* And to my Pray'rs, I bend my Knee.

*York.* Againſt 'em Both my Old ſtiff Joynts I bend.

*Dutch.* Pleads he in Earnest, see, his Eyes are dry.  
 His Pray'rs come from his Mouth, ours from the Heart ;  
 He begs but faintly, and wou'd be deny'd.  
 His weary Joynts wou'd gladly rise I know,  
 Our Knees shall bend, till to the Earth they grow ;  
 Deny him, King, he kneels in pain to crave  
 A Boon, that wou'd dismiss him to the Grave :  
 Granting his Suit, the Suer you destroy,  
 But yielding ours, you give your Beggar's Joy.

*Bull.* Good Madam rise up.

*Dutch.* Nay do not say rise up,  
 But pardon first, and then we rise indeed.  
 The word is short, but endless Comfort brings,  
 Pardon, the Language both of Heav'n and Kings.

*Bull.* I pardon him as Heav'n shall pardon me.

*Dutch.* } Thanks Gracious Liege, a God on Earth thou art.  
*Aum.* }

*York.* So much for that, — one word at parting King, Let me  
 tell thee King, 'twas none of these Politicks that made thee  
 King, and so farewell to Court. [Exit.

*Bull.* But for the Rest of this Consorted Crew,  
 Our Justice shall o're-take 'em——injur'd *Richard*,  
 Thy wrongs already are too deep reveng'd,  
 As yet the Crown's searce settled to my Brow,  
 When Royal Cures are rooted in my Heart.  
 Have I no Friend, my Lords, in this fair Train ?  
 No Friend that to his Monarch's Peace will clear  
 The Way, and ridd me of this Living Fear ? [Exit.

## SCENE, A Prison.

*King Richard, Solus.*

*Rich.* I Have bin studying how to compare  
 This lonesom Prison to the populous World,  
 The Paradox seems hard ; but thus I'll prove it,  
 I'll call my B ain the Female to my Soul ;  
 My Soul the Father, and these Two beget.  
 A Generation of succeeding Thoughts,

*Th'Inha.*

Th'Inhabitants that stock this little World  
 In humours like the People of the World,  
 No Thought Contented: for, the better sort  
 As Thoughts of things Divine, are mixt with doubts  
 That set the Faith it self against the Faith,  
 Thoughts tending to Ambition, they are plotting  
 Unlikely Wonders, how these poor weak Hands  
 May force a passage through these stubborn flints;  
 And cause they cannot, Die in their own Pride,  
 Thoughts tending to Content are whispering to me,  
 That I am not the first of Fortunes Slaves,  
 And shall not be the Last; poor flatt'ring Comfort,  
 Thus I and every other Son of Earth  
 With nothing shall be pleas'd, till we be eas'd  
 With being nothing.

*A Table and Provisions shewn.*

What mean my Goalers by that plenteous Board?  
 For three days past I've fed upon my Sighs,  
 And drunk my Tears; rest craving Nature, rest,  
 I'll humour thy dire Need and tast this food,  
 That only serves to make Misfortune Live.

*[Going to sit, the Table sinks down.]*

Thus *Tantalus* they say is us'd below;  
 But *Tantalus* his Guilt is then his Torture.  
 I smile at this fantastick Cruelty.

Ha, Musick too!—Ev'n what my Torturers please.

*[Song and soft Musick, after which a Messenger Enters.]*

Mess. Hail Royal Sir, with dang'rous difficulty } Gives him  
 I've enter'd here to bear These to your hand; } Letters.  
 O killing Spectacle!

Rich. From whom? — my Queen,  
 My *Isabell*, my Royal wretched Wife?  
 O Sacred Character, oh Heav'n-born Saint!  
 Why! here are words wou'd charm the raging Sea,  
 Cure Lunaticks, dissolve the Wizzard's Spell,  
 Check baleful Planets, and make Winter bloom.  
 How fares my Angel, say, what Air's made rich  
 With her arrival, for she breathes the Spring,  
 What Land is by her presence priviledged

From

From Heav'n's ripe Vengeance? O my lab'ring Heart!  
 Inn, hide Thee, and prepare in thort to Answer  
 To th'infinite Enquiries that my Love  
 Shall make of this dear Darling of my Soul.  
 Whilst undisturb'd I seize the present Minute  
 To answer the Contents of this blest Paper.

[*Ex. Mess.**Sits down to write, Enter Exton and Servants.*

Furies! what means this Pageantry of Death?  
 Speak thou the foremost Murderer, thy own hand  
 Is arm'd with th'Instrument of thy own Slaughter,  
 Go Thou and fill a room in Hell,  
 Another Thou.

{ *Kills 4 of them.**Exton here strikes him down.*

That hand shall burn in never quenching Fire,  
 That staggers thus my Person, cruel *Exton*,  
 The blackest Fiend shall see thee lodg'd beneath him.  
 The Damn'd will shun the Villain whose curst Hand  
 Has with the King's blood stain'd the King's own Land.

[*Dies.*

*Ext.* Hast and convey his Body to our Master  
 Before the very Rumour reach his Ear.

As full of Valour as of Royal Blood,  
 Both have I spilt, O that the Deed were Good.  
 Despair already seizes on my Soul;  
 Through my dark Brest Eternal Horrors roul:  
 Ev'n that false Fiend that told me I did well,  
 Cry's now, This Deed is Register'd in Hell.

[*Ex.*SCENE *a Palace. Bullingbrook, Lords and Attendants.*

*Bull.* Our last Expresses speak the Rebels high,  
 Who have consum'd with Fire Our Town of *Gloster*.

*Enter Northumberland and Pierce.*Welcome *Northumberland*, what News?

*North.* Health to my Liege, I have to *London* sent  
 The Heads of *Spencer*, *Blunt* and *Salsbury*.

*Piere.* *Broccas* and *Seelye* too are headless Trunks,  
 The dang'rous Chiefs of that consofited Crew  
 That fought your Life at *Oxford*.

*Ross.* Our Abbot griev'd to see his Plott defeated,

Has

Has yielded up his Body to the Grave.  
But here's *Carlile* yet living to receive  
Your Royal Doom.

*Bull. Carlile* I must confess,  
Thou hast ever bin my Enemy,  
Such sparks of Honour always shin'd in Thee,  
As priviledg Thee from our Justice now ;  
Choose out some secret place, some reverend Cell,  
There live in peace, and we shall not disturb  
The Quiet of thy Death—— what suddain Damp  
Congeals my Blood——ha *Exton* ? then comes Mischiefe.

*Enter Exton and Servants bearing in a Coffin.*

*Ext.* Great Sir, within this Coffin I present  
Thy bury'd Fear, possess the Crown secure,  
Which breathless *Richard* never more will claim.

*Bull. Exton* I thank thee not, for thou hast wrought  
A Deed of Slaughter fatal for my Peace,  
Which Thou and I, and all the Land shall rue.

*Ext.* From your own Mouth, my Lord, did I this Deed.

*Bull.* They love not Poyson that have need of Poyson,  
Nor do I Thee, I hate his Murderer.

Tho' I did wish him Dead : Hell thank thee for it,  
And guilt of Royal Blood be thy Reward ;  
Cursing and Curst go wander through the World,  
Branded like *Cain* for all Mankind to shun Thee.

Wake *Richard*, wake, give me my Peace agen,  
And I will give Thee back thy raviisht Crown.

Come Lords prepare to pay your last Respects  
To this great Hearse, and help a King to Mourn

A King's untimely Fall : O tort'ring Guilt !

In vain I wish The happy Change cou'd be,  
That I slept There, and *Richard* Mourn'd for Me.

# EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. Cook.

**N**OW we expect to hear our rare Blades say  
Dam' me, I see no Sense in this dull Play;  
Tho' much of it our abler Judges know,  
Was famous Sense 'bove Forty Tears ago.  
Sometimes we fail to Please for want of Witt  
In Play—but more for want on't in the Pitt;  
For many a ruin'd Poets Work 'twou'd Save,  
Had you but half the Sense you think you have.  
Poets on your Fore-Fathers pam'd dull Plays,  
And shrewdly you revenge it in our Days  
In troth we fare by't as your Tradesmen do,  
For whilst they raise Estates by Cheating You:  
Into Acquaintance with their Wives you fall,  
And get 'em Graceless Sons to spend it All.  
'Tis plain Th'are Yours, Cause All our Arts miscarry,  
For just like You, They'll Damn before they'll Marry.  
Of honest Terms I now almost Despair,  
Unless retriev'd by some rich Teoman's Heir, }  
In Grannam's Ribbons and his Own streight Hair!  
What Comforts such a Lover will afford,  
Joynture, Dear Joynture, O the Heavenly Word!  
But—E're of You my Sparks my Leave I take,  
For your Unkindness past these Pray'rs I make—  
So very Constant may Your Misses be,  
'Till You grow Cloid for Want of Jealousie!  
Into such Dullness may your Poets Tire,  
'Till They shall write such Plays as You Admire:  
May You, instead of Gaming, Whoring, Drinking,  
Be Doom'd to your Aversion—Books and Thinking:  
And for a Last Wish—What I'm sure You'l Call  
The Curse of Curses—Marriage Take ye All.

FINIS.